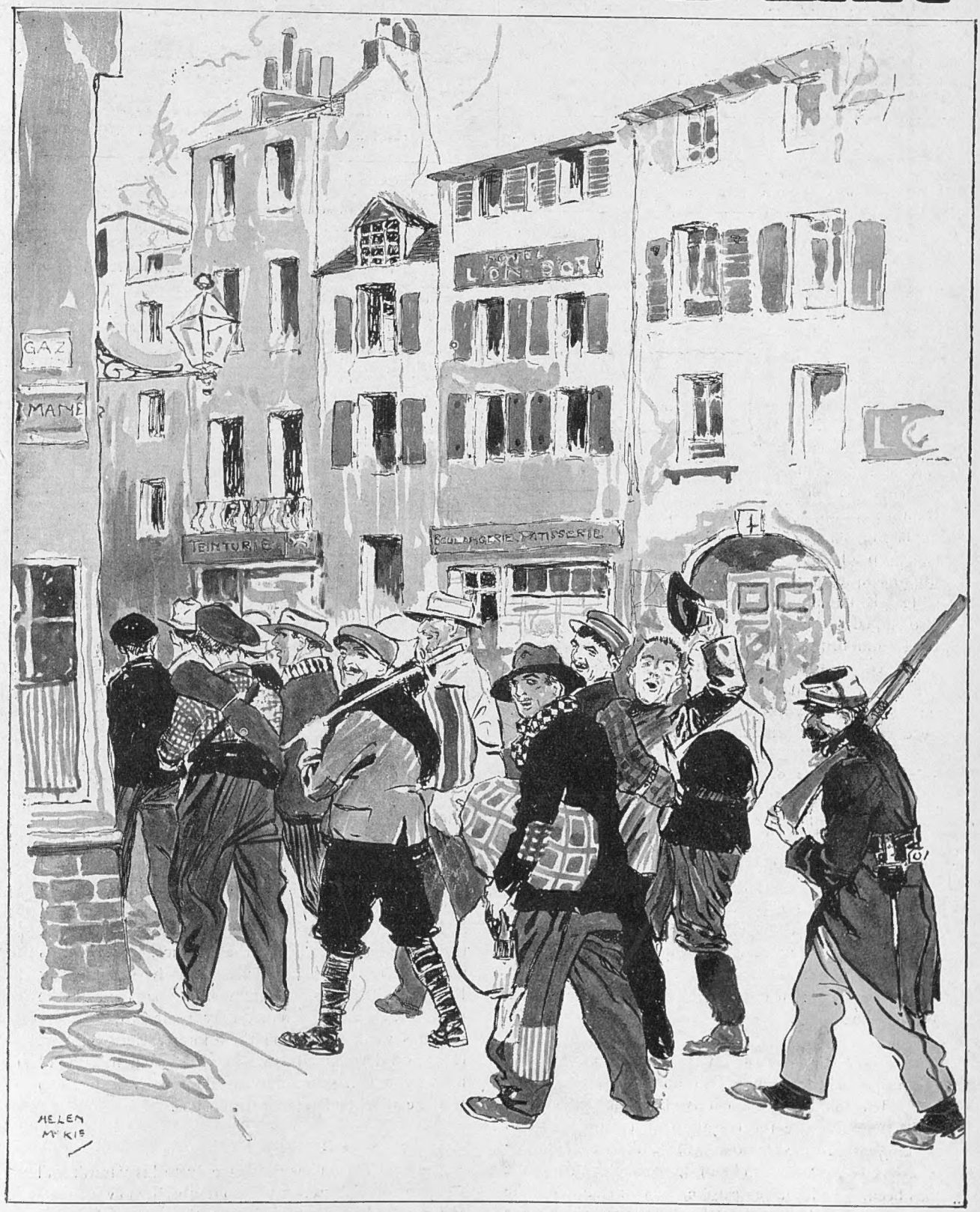
The Bystander, January 13, 1915.—No. 580. Vol. XLV.

The BYSTANDER



PIOU-PIOU JUNIOR

A sketch from life of French conscripts of the 1915 class on their way to report themselves at Headquarters, which shows that the "conscript" continental soldier goes at least as cheerfully to the service of his country as the "volunteer" Briton—and in much larger numbers

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Bystander Comments

Jupiter Pluvius Takes a Hand—

THERE is one neutral Power whose intervention has already taken place, and is exercising a decisive influence on all the combatants—Jupiter Pluvius. Rain, rain, rain, and its concomitant, mud, mud, mud, is playing the devil with all the plans of all the campaigns in all the theatres. It is impossible to accuse Pluvius of partiality. He is messing up friend and foe alike. If he impedes the offensive in Flanders, he also impedes the defensive. If he prevents Hindenburg from bringing up his big guns before Warsaw, he impedes the Grand Duke from doing ditto before Cracow or the place beginning with a "P." If he makes things very unpleasant for retreating Austrians, he does ditto for pursuing Russians.

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—In the Interests of Peace

Jupiter Pluvius is an intervener into the war in the interests of Peace. He is making every man Jack, Jean, Johann, and Ivan say to himself that of all the mad things ever done by Man in his maddest moments, the making of war is the maddest; and if a wave of sanity were possible, it would sweep over the world and cause those who have failed to make war decisive to give it up and try the infinitely more varied and interesting weapons of Peace. Pluvius has thrown down the sponge in order to give Europe the chance of throwing it up.

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That Elusive "Decision"

Europe will, of course, do nothing of the kind. The soldiers, though it is they who desire more than anybody else the cessation of a war that is so lacking in old-time glamour, will be likely to go on for years before a "decision" can be reached, and when it has been, it will not be decisive. As an example, take the successive "routs" of the Austrians, which have been invariably followed by a "vigorous resumption of the offensive." Or the Turks. Last week, they were "annihilated" at Sarikamish only to attack again in fury at Kara Urgann. (See Petrograd wires.) Even if the Allies succeed, later on, in similarly "routing" the Germans on German soil, they are likely to have to meet again at a succession of Philippis.

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The Situation To-Day

This war will, in my prophetic judgment, not be fought to a finish at all. We have reached the stage where the expert bridge-player, having failed to make his "no trumps," throws up his hand. At any moment I am prepared to hear of a German peace move. The probable moment will be that at which Italy and Rumania perform some definite act of war. Germany, seeing the whole of Europe against her, will ask for a Conference. Will she get it?

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"There are Others"

In the present temper of the British people such a proposal will, of course, be scouted. We have not raised our new armies, and made our sea command absolute, in order to make peace so soon, and to run the risk of another war in the near future. But Britain, as I ventured to remind my readers a week or so ago, is not the only member of the Alliance. The war is placing a terribly heavy burden on the shoulders of Russia and France: Belgium still groans under the yoke. Italy and Rumania may prefer to get their pickings without fighting their former German Ally. Grim and determined as we may be in our new-found military mood, peace may be desired by Allies who feel the weight of war as we do not.

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How Not to Do It

President Wilson has got his reply to his "frank and friendly" Note, and is, no doubt, by now wondering exactly how he can answer those figures quoted in so frank and friendly a fashion, showing the amazing increase of American trade in contraband

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

articles with neutral countries. Meanwhile, Dr. Wilson has made a little speech. He has patted America on the back and told her how wise she has been to keep her head and not go to war when all the rest of the world was mad. If the Professor-President wanted to offend Europe all round, he is doing the right thing. While each of us, in turn, agrees that war is a madness, no one of us believes that our individual country has been mad in going to war, and we are inclined to resent the assumption that the Americans have a corner in sanity. What they have is the Atlantic, a protection from the storms of European militarism which was there before they were, and for which they have to thank a higher Sanity than their own.

AS ONCE IN—SIMLA

LORD KITCHENER (listening to criticism by Earl Curzon): "Now where have I met that fellow before? Face seems strangely familiar, somehow"

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Deeds Not Words

The world's indignation has been aroused by the arrest of Cardinal Mercier. But as the world's indignation (voiced by isolated extracts from isolated newspapers) has now been boiling against the Germans ever since the war began, with less than no result on their moral hides, one is beginning to place it in the category of the things that don't matter. We are learning, in short, to measure moral sentiments in terms of deeds, not words. We are in the same position as the begging clergyman who, assured of the sympathy of his congregation in the cause of some charity, asked them did they sympathise a hundred pounds? When we read that the neutral States are shocked at this outrage we are inclined to ask do they sympathise a million troops? If they do not, then their moral sentiments are their own exclusive personal affair in which we are not interested.

Photograph Bassano

MISS FERNE ROGERS

The American actress whose pro-German proclivities have led to her resignation of the leading rôle in the Drury Lane pantomime

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A British Monopoly

Apropos America, the most piquant war news of the week came from the front—of the footlights. Drury Lane provided us with a sensation. Its principal girl, having been obediently boomed and photographed by the most obedient Press in the universe, was discovered to be a pro-German, who, among other things, thought England was bragging too much about her achievements. The young lady is now, I believe, on her way back home. Quite properly! She and other Americans must understand clearly that abuse of the British nation and belittlement of its achievements is the exclusive province of the British nation itself. We will be delighted to call ourselves cowards, slackers, skunks, etc., sixty times a minute, but let an outsider breathe that he, or she, is of the same opinion, and we will pretty promptly show him, or her, the door.

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One of Its Drawbacks

One of the things most freely being said in neutral countries, and America in particular, is, of course, that we English are so busy playing cricket and tennis (they are not particular about seasons) that we freely allow our brave Allies to die and Belgium to bleed to death. This is, of course, a peculiarly damnable lie. For the benefit of the Allies and Belgium we have put from two to three millions of young men into the field at home and abroad, and disbursed some hundreds of millions of money. But, as our newspapers have made it their business modestly to conceal this vital fact, it is somewhat absurd of us to squeal when we read in an American newspaper repetitions of our own self-defamations.

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The Wrong Tack

What is wrong about Britain is that she is not spread-eagling half enough about her share in this war; and is not making it nearly clear enough to the world how it has been her intervention, and that alone, that has kept the Teuton wolf from getting further than the door of the French *ménage*.

THE DRURY LANE SENSATION

Photograph Foulsham and Banfield

MISS NANCY BUCKLAND

Who was Miss Ferne Rogers' understudy as "Beauty" at Drury Lane and has taken her place with complete success

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Men Who Know—

It was quite a relief to find some columns of the papers taken up with reports of Parliamentary speeches, especially in the branch of the Legislature which has a mind of its own, and knows how to speak it—the Lords (abolished some time back, by the way, but still there, somehow). In the Lords, the Government find themselves confronted, whichever way they turn, with men who know. Viceroys to the right, Generals to the left, Judges all around, ready to volley and thunder at a moment's notice with the accuracy of a 16-inch howitzer.

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—And Consequently Matter

In Earl Curzon the Opposition have a man who could balance the European situation on the tip of his nose; in Earl Selborne a man who has forgotten as much about the Navy as most politicians ever knew. There are also reserves of intellect and information capable of filling up all gaps, and if a Zeppelin destroyed the House, the one Peer who was miraculously saved would probably know more about high politics than a score of Commoners.

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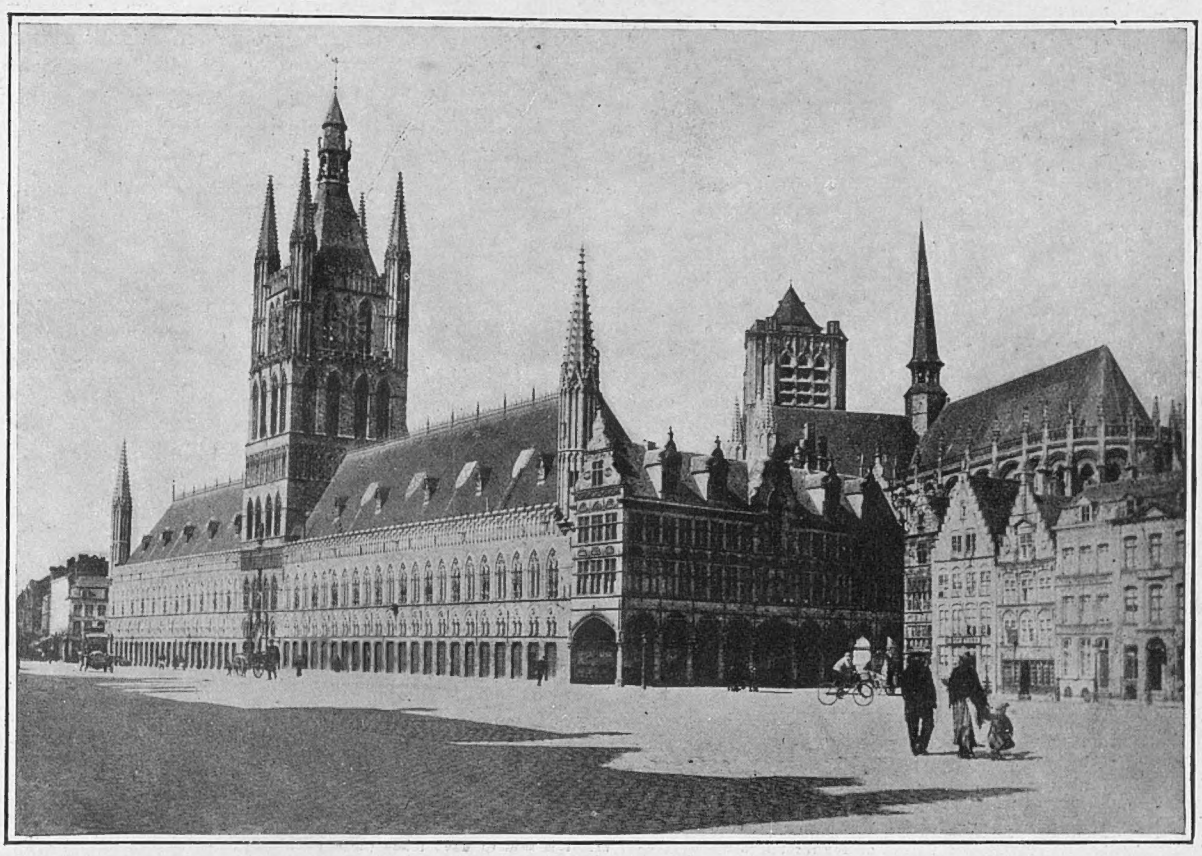
The Open Eye of the Opposition

Earl Curzon told the Government plainly that the Opposition was not going to sit quite quiet at all times. The country will be heartily glad to know that his lordship has his eye on the right honourable gentlemen, who must not think that the "autocratic" Lord Kitchener exists for the principal purpose of affording them cover against all criticism. It has to be remembered that Lord Kitchener was called in at the last moment, and that if muddles exist they are legacies of ten years of government by the "people."

"Wipers"—Before and After



THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT YPRES BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT

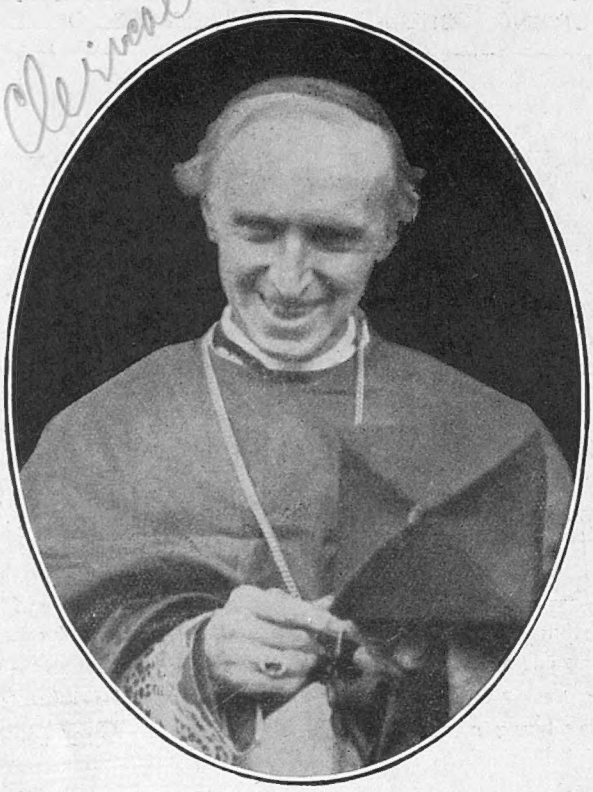
THE SAME BUILDING AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT

As the scene of the Germans' most determined efforts to break through to Calais, the beautiful and historic city of Ypres has been subjected to one of the fiercest and most sustained cannonades of the war. Our illustration showing the damage to one building alone gives a good idea of the havoc which must have been wrought by the ebb and flow of battle throughout the length and breadth of a city which our soldiers, with a fine and facile disregard for pronunciation, have christened "Wipers"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Typically British

Among the things to be thrashed out, I am glad to see, is that Antwerp expedition. Anent that, Mr. Alexander Powell, of the *New York World*, makes in his *Fighting in Flanders* some interesting, if discreet, revelations. Among these is that he himself tried to prevent a retreating boatload of men of the Naval Division from escaping *viâ* the Scheldt, warning them that they were entering Dutch territory, and would be imprisoned. He records that he was received with stony stares, and told that as we were not at war with Holland they didn't see why the "bally Dutchmen" should do anything so unfriendly. Typically British! But is their ignorance altogether unusual?



A PRISONER OR NOT?

The famous victim of German insult, Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, whose release after arrest is said to have taken place at the request of the Pope

to have been recently enrolled in the "Naval Reserve." I should have said the "Naval Division"—Mr. Churchill's creation, from which were selected the would-be relievers of Antwerp. The Royal Naval Reserve is, as everybody ought to know, composed of the most experienced seamen in the world, merchant sailors who are compelled to put in a certain amount of naval drill each year, and to undergo practice in gunnery and torpedo work, and the officers are mostly master mariners.

***

Our Toy Fund

I have to acknowledge the receipt of parcels of toys for the Belgian children from Master Cecil Walter, Grindelwald, Switzerland, and Miss Byers, Norton-on-Tees.

Photograph *McLeish*

The Crown Prince photographed on the battlefield with General von Mackensen, whom the Kaiser has just promoted to the rank of Colonel-General, as a reward for the victory of Lowicz

Saved Again!

I have heard of a certain meeting, shortly before the war, of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Asked to explain what would be the British plan of campaign against Germany, the Cabinet was told by a responsible person that, of course, the Navy would blockade the mouths of the German rivers, principally the Rhine. This appeared to give general satisfaction, and the meeting was about to pass to the next question when Mr. Asquith intervened. "The mouth of the Rhine," he said, "is surely in Dutch territory?" There was a startled pause. "Isn't he *wonderful*," then exclaimed a Minister, "We are saved again."

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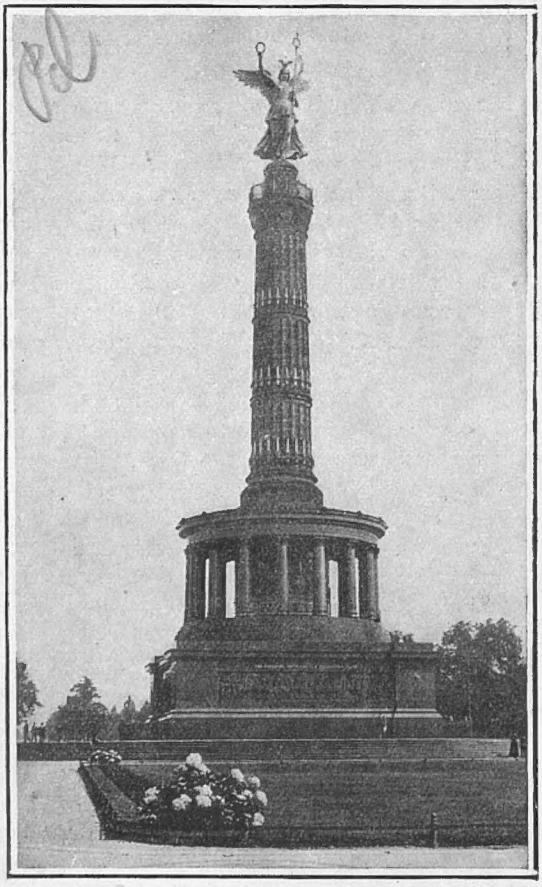
A Correction

Some weeks ago I referred, in a jesting paragraph, to the number of apparently un-nautical persons who seemed



Photograph *McLeish*

A MONUMENTAL PIECE OF BRAG

The column of victory in the Königs-Platz, Berlin, which Mr. H. G. Wells desires to be one of the special objects for destruction when the Allies reach the Prussian capital

Under Military Patronage

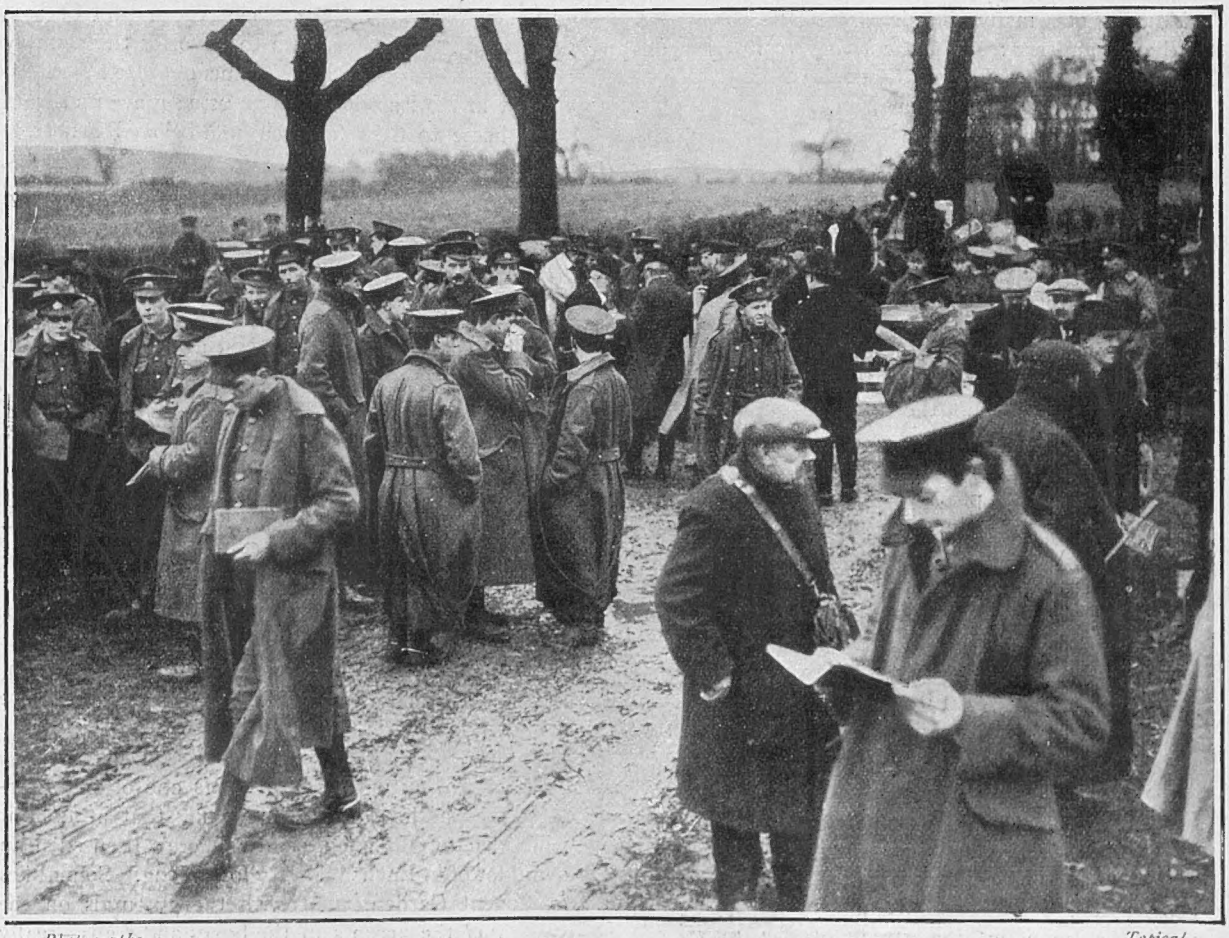
THE SPORT OF COURSING CONDUCTED BY MEMBERS OF THE LINCOLN REGIMENT

OFFICERS WATCHING THE COURSING

Left to right: Lieuts. Barkley, Thornwill, Clarke, and Waghorn, and Captain Cliff

MAJOR LORD KENSINGTON'S "WHITE ROBE"

Waiting its turn to compete in the Military Cup specially arranged by the executive for officers of the Army doing duty in the neighbourhood



Photographs *Topical*

SOLDIER COMPETITORS AND ONLOOKERS AT THE OAKLEY, BROME, AND EYE CLUB'S COURSING MEETING

From these photographs and others like them, as well as from what one hears and sees, there are indications that sport in the near future, so far from being stopped by the war, will be carried on with even more than its accustomed "liveliness," owing to the large increase in the number of officers who are engaged in the training of our new armies and other duties all over the country. It is in the Services that the chief patrons of sport in all its forms are found and we may be sure that our soldiers will continue to want to spend their leisure in the healthy recreations to which they have been accustomed. No one has a better right so to do than they

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

"The men are much easier"

LONDON, *January* 11, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN,—

AS this war that's "not a bit like the text-books" progresses—it's nearly half a year old now—I sometimes find myself thinking that perhaps, after all, it's a good thing that we're a people not over-gifted with imagination. If we were, if we poignantly felt and pictured and grieved over every tale of death and destruction, all the mourning and the bitter waste and the agony, we could hardly go on—we should begin to feel, like the heroes in the Russian novels, that life was too awful to be lived, that someone must do something about it, that somehow we must make an end.

* * *

Think of it—in Chatham alone I forget how many hundred lonely mothers, how many hundred widows, how many hundred orphans. And the husbands and sons and fathers they've lost are not the flotsam and jetsam, but that salt of the earth, our splendid, clean, trained sailor men.

* * *

The war's never over for women, and Chatham, of course, isn't alone in its mourning. In all the seaport towns it's too pitiful, the dreadful number of the mourning women. And when you're poor it must be worse, I think, even than when you're rich to lose your "man." The women of the masses are only pretty when they're young, and it's not often they get a second husband. Not for them are the massage and the face-cream and the rest-cures that keep the others young.

* * *

But in the great ports it's not only the nation's widows who are overwrought and over-strained just now. A Territorial nursing sister tells me that she hardly knows how to keep going under the tension, only the interest of it all prevents her breaking down. Over two and a half thousand of our poor fellows have passed through her hospital alone, some of them so hurt and maimed that it will be one of the questions of the future how to keep and comfort the men broken in our wars.

* * *

These are the people who see what war really does mean—just cruelty and pain and waste, with the "romance" very far to seek. The staff people, too, everywhere are getting a better idea than the man in the street of the magnitude, anyway, of a European war. And that's another unromantic aspect—the immense amount of humdrum business it involves.

At the Admiralty there's not much difference between night and day now. Clerks are working all the time, bosses trying to think, meals going, and people now and again snatching forty winks in impromptu beds in corners. The arrival of the "chars"—a small army corps—in the early, chilly mornings is about the only thing that breaks the unending chain of work. At the pay offices and places in the big coast centres it's the same—only more so. And *they* haven't even the dignified seclusion of the London headquarters where the red tape is.

* * *

By the way, a naval reservist doing port duty at Plymouth, whose job it is to examine all the foreign vessels that come and go, told me that last week they got seven Germans off a Russian ship—and they were all *delighted* to be captured. Curious what an affection they seem to have for the country of tips, in spite of all the "Hymns of Hate!" They weren't in the least annoyed at being prevented from going home to fight for their well-beloved Kaiser.

* * *

There are some nice people in New York, by the way, aren't there? That plot for smuggling over a thousand German officers to their own country, all with proper official passports supplied by a German-American syndicate, was only just stopped by a hair's-breadth when some of them had actually embarked. And the way the U.S. Government, through it's not over-tactful President, has written to us about our searching neutral ships, hasn't exactly made a favourable impression.

* * *

Of course, the newspapers say what they're told, more or less, and our Government pretends it simply loves being dictated to by Woodrow. But I'm afraid the undiplomatic general public looks at the matter—and talks about it—in quite a different sort of way. I suppose, though, it's the German-Americans, which means the millionaires, who are behind it all.

* * *

Talking of alien millionaires, it's one of the after-the-war hopes we're cherishing that at least it will rid us of the alien element there's been such an awful lot of in English Society for so long. Sometimes at Covent Garden, what with the gutturals on the stage *and* the accents in the boxes and stalls—really you might have been in Berlin, or, anyway, in Jerusalem. England for the English, just think of it. But I suppose that's just a beautiful dream.

Nobody knows yet whether there will be any opera in London this year. One thing's certain, no one wants to hear opera sung in German, or by Germans either. But it's the Russian seasons that have provided all the thrills and sensations of the last year or two, and whatever the faithful Wagnerites may feel, the people who make opera fashionable can do very well without him for a little, thank you—and not be at all sorry, either, to avoid those dreadful early dinners you have to have when the *Ring's* on!

* * *

Personally, though, I really don't think people will have the heart to go in for such a palpably, obviously and blatantly luxurious amusement as opera is in England—if things go on as they're going. There's hardly the excuse (quite a good one, I daresay) which people put forward for keeping up other kinds of amusement—that it would mean such a lot of unemployment to stop them. I suppose that's so with theatres and concerts, but opera and ballet is bound to mean importing any amount of foreign labour, isn't it?

* * *

And there's another thing. It isn't the *fashion* now to put on your best frock and diamonds and be out obviously to enjoy yourself and nothing else. Everything in the way of pleasure has got to be *for* something. And I really don't see how you could give opera for charity—it's such a very costly business, and Carusos and people don't sing often for nothing. Seriously, too, people, even "Society" people, are so busy with their various relief works and all the rest of it that there really isn't time for merely social things.

"Tommy loves his new fur coat"

Take all the knitting alone. We do that nowadays when we used to be playing bridge or buying clothes or being "tried on," or "doing" picture shows or just killing time somehow, and now Lady French has asked for 50,000 more mufflers the rage for the needles is going stronger than ever. And after the knitting—well, it's a fact that all sorts of really useful "war" service is being done by women who've never in all their lives before ever done anything for anyone.

* * *

And real hard work, and not always too pleasant. Women who've never missed dining and dressing and generally dallying with the delights of existence now cheerfully go down east and spend whole evenings in a horrible atmosphere and a coat-and-skirt striving to keep amused and diverted, and thus out of the Devil's reach, the wives and other belongings of the men who are fighting for us and getting killed for us.

* * *

It's not such an awfully simple matter, either, dealing with the woman of the class we're trying to help just now. She's a suspicious body generally and a perfect congealed mass of prejudices, and so up in arms if she merely scents patronage that she takes—as I know to my cost—a deuce of a lot of tackling.

* * *

The men are *much* easier. Something to smoke, something of the—

"Who are you with to-night, to-night,
Oh, who are you with to-night?"

sort to sing; and, at any rate, *something* liquid will keep him good and quiet for hours. But that's just it,

"They got seven Germans off a Russian ship and they were all delighted to be captured"

isn't it? Men are all the same all the world over, rich and poor, good and bad, high and low. Women are all different, and so much more complex when it comes to what amuses them.

* * *

It's not quite *all* "good works," though, of course, in the London of the moment. In fact, people seem to be enjoying their little selves quite healthily—and quite a lot, too, some of them. At the Savoy and places, they saw the New Year in not at all as if England were in the deadly grip of a very deadly war, I do assure you; and I noted that the toning-down of things in general and extravagances in particular doesn't seem to have got as far yet as the dancing world. And, by the way, it will interest you to hear that among the cheeriest celebrators were Colonial cousins like you—the Canadian officers from Salisbury's muddy plain who take their pleasures so *very* strenuously.

* * *

At the Carlton, where the world has tea, the band's come back, the frocks are as wonderful as ever—I suppose *you're* still wearing your skirts tight?—and it's all very amusing and gay, as gay as ever, or nearly. Many well-known faces are missing, of course, and very many people are in mourning. But, as I've told you, we seem to be on a kind of *parole* to keep things going, and the strongest language of all about the dark streets and the early closing and the rest comes from the man on leave, who expects to find everything merry and bright here—if it's only to welcome him home.

* * *

And after life in the trenches—all mud and water and cold feet and general misery—he looks forward so passionately to the unbounded comfort of life in England that it must be really a quite horrid shock to come home and find England under water, England as she's been these last weeks with the floods out and the skies a very cross grey and everything looking nearly as depressing as the country he's just left. December was a record rain month, and the New Year didn't improve matters. Perhaps old Jupiter Pluvius hates this war, too, and is trying all *he* knows to stop it. And really if he only kept it up long enough I'm not sure he wouldn't.

* * *

It doesn't hurt those of us who aren't fighting or learning to fight our country's battles—the worst rain that ever fell will hardly get into our comfortable drawing-rooms. But it does get into the huts where men who've never known what roughing it meant before are valiantly "pigging" away, half a score in the Jerry-built things together. Oughtn't to? no, but it does, and more often than not if all the tales are true. There ought to be a special kind of death for fraudulent contractors.

* * *

Out at the front, I hear, Tommy loves his new fur coat so much that he wears it in the mildest weather, just as we always wear *our* new furs in October, never mind if it's hot as summer. And an engaging quality about these goatskins, I'm told, is that they make it difficult to distinguish between officer and man—which tickles Tommy to death, of course. As one of them told me chuckling, "We don't half buy some salutes in 'em."

* * *

It's "official" now that Lord Wimborne's the next Irish Viceroy—they're going to see what money will do now just as a change from brains. The Guests are all Crœsuses—coalmines or something in the West—and money does talk, especially in Ireland, of course, where there's not so much of it as here. So, socially, they couldn't have sent anyone better, and for the rest—well, as the lady said to Max Dearly at the Ambassadors, *un homme du monde* isn't expected to have any particular knowledge about anything in particular.

* * *

It's a moot question, of course, if we *want* brains in our Kings and Viceroys and things. Much better without them, many people say, and that figure-heads should be figure-heads and when they're more there's trouble. Which reminds me that whether we shall keep on our present system of Ambassadors is another question that's waiting an after-the-war settlement. They're a very expensive luxury, for one thing, and for another, well—— Get-on-or-get-out is the modern motto, and diplomacy in these days of doing instead of talking has proved itself about the most broken reed of all.

* * *

There's a good deal of talk just now of eugenics and the war—polygamy, you know, and that sort of thing. You can't talk war *all* the time, can you? But we're not taking it *quite* seriously—it's a bit early yet, anyway, isn't it?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHE

A LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER ON LEAVE

A snapshot of Lieut. A. F. Wilding (Royal Marines) taken during a few days' leave in Paris where, in other days, he has won many triumphs with the racket. Besides being a champion lawn-tennis player he is an expert motorist

Ireland's New Vicereine

A CERTAIN LIVELINESS TO SUCCEED THE RÉGIME OF THE ABERDEENS

Photograph *Speaight*

The arrival of a young and enterprising hostess at the Viceregal Lodge will be a blessing to Dublin which has, during the ten years of office of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, been socially dead. Lady Wimborne's changes of title have been somewhat numerous, for before her husband succeeded to his father's title she was Lady Ashby St. Ledgers, and before he was created Baron Ashby St. Ledgers she was the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Guest, while before her marriage (in 1902) she was the Hon. Alice Grosvenor

What Are We Out For?

THE WAR, THE WAR OFFICE, AND THE CIVIL VOLUNTEER

BY "DOWNWRITER"

MY services in the columns of THE BYSTANDER have been enlisted on behalf of a Type of Person who is described as follows:—

Between thirty and forty, fit and able-bodied. Engaged in the carrying on of a business, all the young employees of which are now on active service, whose wages are being paid on the understanding that our friend is able to keep business going during war. He has joined a Civil Volunteer Corps, and is familiar with drill and a fair rifle-shot. Is at least as proficient now as were a large proportion of Territorials on the outbreak of war, and has a belief that he and his hundreds of thousands of fellow Civil Volunteers ought to be of some distinct use in event of (1) Invasion, or (2) Unforeseen Shortage of Foreign Service Men. Believes that for all immediate emergencies the country is, or ought to be, well enough provided with its existing armies, and thinks his "crowd" ought to constitute a reserve unit.

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Now during the last week our friend has been the victim of a bomb explosion. He has practically been told by the War Office that he has no *locus standi*. If he is under thirty-eight, and not engaged on specific Government work, he ought to join the Regular Army. For him to remain at his business, serving in spare time as a Civil Volunteer, is to be in the category of "Slackers," "Shirkers," etc., and liable to personal insult on the part of strangers in the street, of anonymous scribes in the newspaper columns, and of peers on platforms. He becomes, in his own eyes, an unworthy member of the community; avoids the haunts of men—which are now those of men in khaki. In a few weeks, presumably, he will not even be allowed to continue his drill and rifle-practice and his route-marches, unless he has pledged himself to be ready to enlist directly a recruiting sergeant calls on him.

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The alternative for the Hard Case is either (1) To chuck the business which he is keeping going that the youngsters may enjoy their wages and have jobs to return to when the war is over, and enlist, or (2) To take no part at all in the defence of his country, so that, if the Invader comes, he ranks with the aged, the halt, the blind, the women, the children, and the feeble-minded. Admitted he may serve as a Special Constable, or in the Anti-Aircraft Brigade, but the Hard Case is inclined to regard those occupations as less satisfying to his patriotic pride than would be membership of a recognised fighting force.

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Now, the Hard Cases number, all over the country, tens, possibly hundreds, of thousands. They form the very backbone of the Civil Volunteer movement, supplying to it the stiffening which it would lack if confined, as Government would have it, to men over thirty-eight who are not so very good at the "double" and inclined to philosophic doubt on parade. The presence of "youngish" men in these corps gives the oldish man some incentive to effort: somebody to get even with and not to be beaten by, and may serve to save, in emergency, the moral and physical fitness of a whole regiment. The Government would convert the Civil Volunteer movement into an Over-Age Service pure and simple. It looks with stern disapproval on the Hard Case. It cares not two straws for the economic value of the man at his desk or behind his counter. It merely sees five foot something of flesh and bone, a pair of hands, and a pair of feet, and wants that line of goods in the shop and not in the stockyard.

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Looking at the matter from the War Office point of view, one is bound, as a patriot, to see that it has reason. If the existence of Civil Volunteers affords any kind of salve for the conscience of the able-bodied man of military age, so that he who could go the whole hog, only goes part of the animal, the Civil Volunteers are an evil. The War Office wants men; it is not concerned what men, where they come from, what they leave behind; it regards them in bulk, not in detail. It will not adopt compulsory service; but it will so arrange its "voluntary appeal" that it leaves no loophole of excuse for anybody who is not serving on Government work. In effect it says to the whole country "Drop your business and fall in."

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Now, I don't say for one moment that this attitude is not right in such a national emergency as we are faced with. Our Ministers have let the word go forth that this war of ours, on the side of France and Russia, against the German Powers, is to be a war for the "crushing" of the enemy. They hold before our vision a Europe minus militarism, in which all shall combine for the common good, and wars and strife shall cease. For my own part, speaking quite privately, I believe the Ministry has opened its mouth too wide; that some sort of militarism will continue as long as Europe itself, and that you cannot reasonably expect to crush the German variety of the evil without annihilating the whole German people, which is impracticable, apart from its desirability. The Government has, however, asked the British people to "crush" the Germans.

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Now, we have been at war for five months. Against the German Allies have been fighting the entire armies of Russia, France and Serbia, and some quarter of a million British troops. Up to the present the result of our efforts has been that the Germans occupy the greater part of Belgium, a portion of France, and half Poland, and are able not only to keep themselves in their positions, but to threaten violent advances.

People We Don't Envy

NO. I.—THE FIRST GERMAN COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER IN ENGLAND AFTER THE WAR

To crush the Germans, then, new armies are wanted. Britain is now able to send, it is said, eighteen army corps to the Continent. After these she may need eighteen more, and after that, perhaps, yet eighteen more. She wants another million men now, and may call for a further million by the summer.

The Government's way of doing this is just to keep on goading us. It inspires the Press to write more leading articles: it issues advertisements which put to shame those who have not already fallen in: it circulates posters and literature of all kinds, and generally eggs us on. That is one way of doing it. It has the advantage that it can bear the pleasant-sounding name of Voluntarism: it has as its chief disadvantage that it *does not get the men*. The British being, as the Germans sometimes so very kindly remind us, a business nation they are likely to ask the Government to take the business view of what is, after all, a business matter. We are out to do a certain job, which requires certain definite men and certain definite weapons. If we are likely to fail in the accomplishment of our job because of a sentiment, then the sooner we drop that sentiment the better.

The sentiment is called Voluntarism. But when you can only obtain your "volunteers" by writing leading articles, issuing hectoring advertisements, flaring posters, and generally goading at the community, they cease to be volunteers. They are conscripts by shame: in the Army reluctantly, rather resentfully, because they found it too unpleasant to stop out, with echoes of insults in their ears and the feeling of a kick in their moral rearguard. On the other hand, there remain hundreds of thousands of men who are not "in" at all, and a similar number who are "in" to the detriment of economic interests, whose being "in" is going to be the cause of great distress in the near bye-and-bye.

Has it not come to the time when this nonsense about Voluntarism should be dropped, and with it those Ministers, whoever they are, that cling to such a superstition of the past? You want the whole nation in arms: you have the power to call us. Why not do so and stop your wheedling and your jostling and your shaming of our faces? Decide how many men you want: how many you can train and equip at a time, and call up that number at once. Call them up first from the ranks of the younger and the unmarried; "warn" the rest that they are liable to be called up at a later date, and allow them to go on with their business until that date, spending their spare time with their Volunteer Corps. Appoint a Court to consider specific cases which call for exemption on economic grounds, at the head of which will be somebody with judicial powers, whom the public will respect. Let even the exempted ones continue to train themselves for a final emergency. Declare, in short, a *levée en masse*. Take the men you want, and free the country from the pestering of the public which is causing irritation, a bad *moral*, and is bringing on us, in the eyes of Allies, neutrals, and the enemy, a contempt which is utterly undeserved.

DOWNWRITER

FOOTBALLER: "Where's our next game?"
JOHN BULL: "Back of the trenches—somewhere in France—I should hope"

Bellicosities

THE German Crown Prince has started sending telegrams, which is all right, of course, and approved by his Imperial Parent. But that he should have sent one lately referring in flattering terms to *his* grandfather is thought to be a breach of contract. The Kaiser had a grandfather: also, he is a grandfather. Reference to others is not considered proper.

* * *

A German prisoner of war has taken leave of his senses at Madburg. Really, one does not know what else was expected of him.

* * *

The Russians, says the Vienna official report, show that they are tired of the war. Their contrast with the exuberant freshness and *joie de guerre* of the Austrians is, indeed, pathetic.

* * *

Dr. Karl Theodor von Heigel is distressed at the fact that Germany has so few friends. "Since the outbreak of war a friendly voice has seldom been heard in Belgium, Holland, Italy, or Switzerland." We fail to understand the lack of friendliness of the first-named. Can it be because the German authorities have not arranged a sufficient number of sight-seeing tours to Louvain, Dinant, Aerschot, and Termonde?

MINISTERING ANGELS
AND WHAT WEARING
VARIETIES OF ALLIED RED CROSS HEADGEAR

1.—ENGLISH

Ministering Angels: The French—

2.—FRENCH

—and the Russian Red Cross Nurse

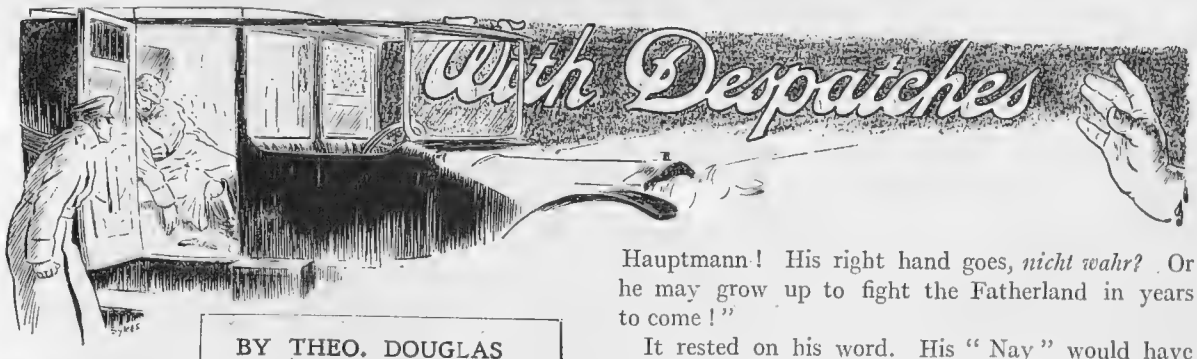
3.—RUSSIAN

MINISTERING ANGELS (concluded)

Last, but Not Least

4.—JAPANESE

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY



BY THEO. DOUGLAS

MUD!

Mud on the torn roads, mud clogging the wheels and disabling the great guns, mud above the fetlocks of the horses, mud daubed on all surfaces, and flung up in showers against the windows of the labouring car.

Von Krallbach was travelling luxuriously on an Imperial errand, a chosen messenger sent back from the fighting lines, out of the deafening thunder of explosions and the shock of death, back over the frontier of the Fatherland into regions of plenty and peace. A Fatherland that was growing anxious and must be reassured, kept placid with misstatements, fed up full with lies. He had been wounded the week before, his shoulder ripped by a rifle-bullet, not seriously enough to detain him in hospital, but it was as well he should be detached for this lighter duty. And as he journeyed, the body inactive, his mind was set free to work its will, with the spur behind of a touch of fever in the surface wound, though it was hardly more than a deeply furrowed scratch.

Mud clogging the wheels and hindering advance, a thing to be sworn at with many-syllabled German oaths. This as a surface impression, but what behind? What pictures had been painted on the walls of memory's chamber by these last weeks, and were they of a sort at which he could bear to look, and look again?

We know something of what those pictures must have been; they have been drawn for us, too, by graphic pens: wasting of fire and sword, destruction by shell-fire, sacrifice of innocent life; war with the scourge of the Furies, the worst passions of men let loose and urged on by command. Something, but not the whole, for Von Krallbach was an eye-witness, and to him the pictures were scored in deeper lines, limned in fiercer colours, than any we may be acquainted with. It was a ghastly gallery along which he passed, and there was one picture at which he was forced to look, forced to return before it again and yet again, though at a first glance it might have appeared not more horrible than the others, but even less.

He was at the head of his troopers, and they were punishing a village. There had been some pretence that the inhabitants had offered resistance: whether it was true he knew not—his place was to obey orders, and the order had gone forth. Most of the inhabitants had fled, but they had caught a woman, a woman with a child in her arms. She was held away by one of his men, and another lifted the child for him to see, a little lad of less than two years old, crowing and laughing unafraid. "A boy, Herr Hauptmann! His right hand goes, *nicht wahr?* Or he may grow up to fight the Fatherland in years to come!"

It rested on his word. His "Nay" would have stopped the outrage. And when he looked at the child, so fair, so innocent, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth—he could not speak. He nodded—he only nodded—but the nod was enough. He heard the mother scream, forcibly held back; the child may have screamed, too, but that he could not remember. The man with the sword shouted some rough distich, and threw up the little arm in the air: such a small arm it was, the dead arm of a living child; and he was so near, so near that a drop of blood spirted on to his cheek.

He remembered the horror with which he wiped it off. He would draw the curtain of oblivion over that picture, hold it covered by the force of resolve. And he was weary; this journey through the mud was slow, though better than railway delays; the night before he had slept little, disturbed by the throbbing of his wound. If he leaned back in the corner and relaxed his muscles he might relieve the tedium by sleep.

The interior of the car was lit, as he had been trying to read; a news-sheet two days old lay on his knee. It was not dangerous to be thus lighted, for he was close to the frontier with a conquered country behind him; and somehow those memory-pictures stood out more clearly in the dark. And sleep, thus bidden, came, and for an hour or more was profound.

It was a fly which waked him; at least, he supposed it was a fly, and flies are not to be encouraged in war-time; there is too much on which they may evilly pasture. It touched his cheek, once, twice, thrice, and he put up his hand to brush it away. It could be nothing but a fly, and yet that last touch was like the touch of fingers, small fingers that were icy cold. Again—and this time he was more nearly awake. He struck at it impatiently, and touched a larger object, which slipped away, falling with a soft thud on the news-sheet spread upon his knee.

What was it? He half saw, and thought he wholly dreamed. And when he sat up there was nothing; of course there was nothing. Nothing on the page of newspaper—nothing on his knee.

"Max!"

"Mein Herr?"

"Are we over the border?"

"We are, your Excellency. This is good German soil."

He might have said German mud, from the condition of the road. But it was less deeply rutted than those they had traversed.

"How far now to M——?"

"An hour's journey, your Excellency, if we have no mischance on the way."

"That will be over late. Halt at the inn that comes first, if it is of decent appearance, and I will dine."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

The driver of the car was willing on his own account. Presently they entered a village, and slowed down at the roadside cabaret, an inn of small pretensions, but kept by people who had the air of being well-to-do. They received the Army Messenger with every sign of reverence, welcome befitting a Prussian officer entrusted with the Kaiser's business. What food they could furnish should be set at once before the high-born one. A dish of swine's flesh and cabbage was hot upon the fire; the hocks and feet of the pig, which the good Hausfrau knew how to make savoury. It should be served on the instant, if the high-born one would condescend to partake.

The stew had an appetising smell when emptied out of the earthen pipkin upon a dish. A cloth was spread at one end of the board, with a fresh loaf on the trencher, beer-glass beside it and foaming jug. Von Krallbach was ready to fall to with an appetite, and in transferring the portion to his plate, he poked about under the mass of vegetable to find the meat.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a shout of rage. "You insult me," he thundered. "What do you mean by serving up a thing like this? It shall be the worse for you and your house. Look at it for yourselves—look!"

The host did look, and the hostess with him. There was nothing but good meat, they protested, the succulent foot of the pig, in its surrounding of stewed cabbage. The high-born one might not be accustomed to such a dish, but if he would only taste!

But Von Krallbach would not taste, and was not to be appeased. He flung out of the inn, summoning his weary driver, who was himself preparing to refresh the inner man. He found his master white and sick of face, and cursing like one distraught. They would take the road again without a moment's delay, and make for the town of M——, where Von Krallbach would lie for the night, and dine at the best hotel.

So they went on, mud churning under their tyres, drizzling rain descending, night drawing in, and seeming all the darker in contrast to the lights of the car. Those pedestrians who saw them flash by envied the luxury of the Kaiser's messenger, alone in the padded interior, screened from wind and weather; but they would hardly have changed places with the real man, could they have looked into his mind. Von Krallbach, in the cold fit which succeeds the heat of passion, was beginning to doubt the evidence of his senses, and to repent of his fury.

He must have been mistaken. How was it possible that these plain folks, innkeepers, could have known, and, knowing, have contrived? What was it, hidden in the heap of food, which assumed so questionable a shape—which he saw, and those fools professed to be unable to discover—the small fingers, the baby wrist? And again a convulsive sickness choked his throat. A mouthful of brandy from his travelling flask!—yes, that would set him to rights; and for the moment he was steadier, clearer, better for the dram. These were fever-dreams he was having, caused by the burning in his wound, and such chimeras would be banished if he could achieve real sleep. And he settled himself determinedly in the cushioned corner of the car.

The fly again—once, twice, thrice. But was it a fly? He would not let his senses be deceived; he would not look. And again he settled himself to sleep.

"Stop!"

Such was the shouted order, and the driver obeyed. Hardly had the car pulled up when Von Krallbach sprang out, standing bare-headed in the rain.

"There is no air in that box; it stifles me. I will sit outside with you. Fetch me out my coat and cap."

The Herr Hauptmann's word was law, and Max helped him into his coat with due regard for the damaged shoulder. The man appeared to have observed nothing. "Shall I shut off the lights inside, mein Herr?" he asked, when Von Krallbach had mounted to the outer seat.

"Ay. And I dropped a—a parcel—on the floor as I got up. See what it is."

The man climbed into the car and searched, but he returned empty-handed.

"What did you find?" was the demand of his master.

"I found nothing, mein Herr. Your Excellency must have been mistaken. There was nothing on the floor."

Another hour of travel, miles of darkness, of churned-up mud and wet flying round, a catherine-wheel in the strong headlights. Then they entered M——, the cheer of busy streets, the warm comfort of the hotel. Dinner was now serving; an officer in uniform was correctly dressed for any occasion; he had only to wash off travel-stains to be ready. Soup? Yes, he would take soup, but it must be clear; he must see through it to the bottom, to make sure—ugh!—that there was nothing hidden. Fish he did not care for. The next course—a bird, was it?—yes, they might bring that.

The room was bright with many lights, the spreading of white napery, the shining of glass and silver. Von Krallbach had a table to himself, but he was not alone; others were dining, a cheerful buzz of conversation went on round him. Here lurked no mystery: all was conventional, reassuring, even gay. The waiter brought the dish, and set it before the weary soldier with his best air, as if to demonstrate that here was a course of which the establishment could be proud. And, also with an air, he whipped off the cover, and exposed what lay within.

Von Krallbach started up with a scream which drew all eyes upon him. And then he fell heavily forward, blood streaming from his nostrils and his mouth.

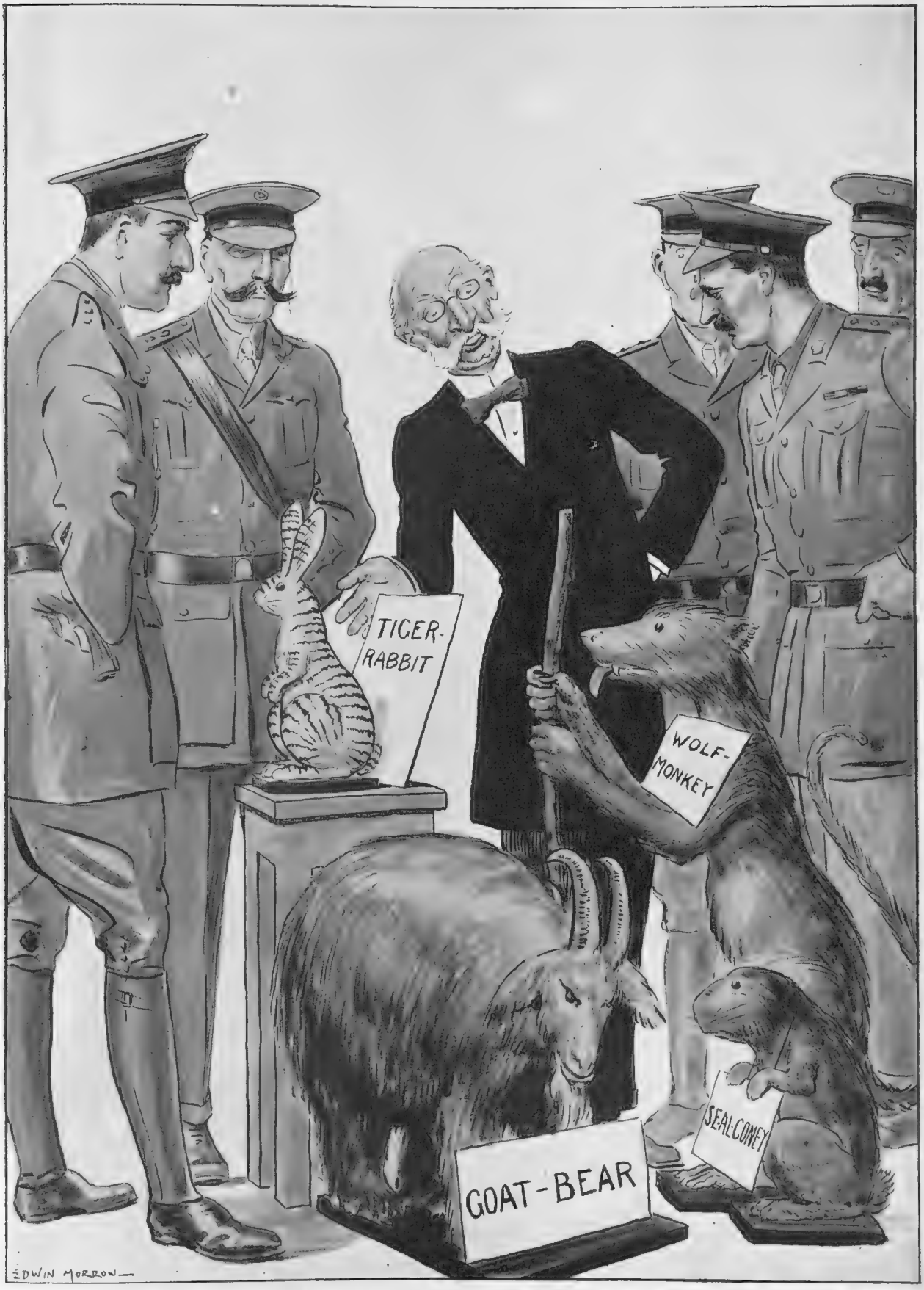
Of course, a doctor was summoned, and to him Von Krallbach confided something of this matter, if not the whole. The doctor was reassuring: it was easy to diagnose such a case as this; the journey in his condition was unwise, but a few days' rest would set him to rights, and his nerves would recover tone. Could he go into hospital at once? But to this Von Krallbach would not consent. He must fulfil his mission—his future prospects depended on it: hospital rest might come after, but he was bound to go on.

Certain drugs were administered, a night's rest was assured, and early next morning Von Krallbach took the road. But the car had not travelled many miles when the driver was startled by a noise like the bursting of a tyre. He pulled up to look into the damage, but it was not what he supposed. His wheels were intact, but Von Krallbach had sunk down a huddled heap in the car, a smoking pistol beside him, and a bullet-hole in his temple.

THEO DOUGLAS

Hirsuitabilities

WAR OFFICE EXPERTS ATTEND A LITTLE LECTURE ON NATURAL HISTORY



In view of the possibility of a shortage in the supply of the goat-skins of which the winter overcoats of our troops are being made, Mr. Walkthisway, of Oxford Street, invites a committee of experts in clothing from the War Office to a demonstration of the possibilities of other hirsute animals known to the drapery world

Novels to Hand when Needed

AS A RELIEF FROM THE REALITIES OF WAR

The Novelty of the Novel

It is almost unbelievable, but there are novels now appearing which do not even hint that a war has come to alter our opinions about everything. Indeed, to read about life as, no doubt, it was seven months ago is to read about some incredibly ancient civilisation in which people did almost everything except put on a uniform and fight. But there comes a certain sense of relief if you pick up a good novel, for then you can forget the tragic affair across the water for a while—a matter which every day is becoming more difficult. Fiction, I suppose, like everything else, will be affected. At the end of the year we shall be finding a subtle change in our novels.

"Sinister Street"

Meanwhile the most successful work of fiction at the beginning of the year must, I expect, be Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street:* Vol. II. (Secker: 6*s.*). In this case we were to a certain extent prepared for the new fare provided. The earlier volume had told us of the boyhood of Michael Fane, and we read through its five hundred pages with the keenest delight. Here was young life put down on to paper in beautiful language. A thousand links helped to bridge memories of our own childhood, and we wanted more. The second volume of more than six hundred pages shows us the maturer Michael at Oxford and in London. There have been many attempts to paint Oxford before, and inevitably comparisons suggest themselves, but probably the average Oxonian will admit that Mr. Mackenzie has come as near to the real thing as is possible. But of the fourth and final book, splendidly lifelike though it is, one is bound to say that it may offend certain tastes. Certainly it contains more of a "story" than Mr. Mackenzie is wont to indulge in, but there are scenes of "low life" of which a number of people will wish to remain ignorant. Perhaps it is well for them to be shocked, and perhaps they will not be so shocked now as they would have been before the war: it is impossible to say.

Not a Trilogy

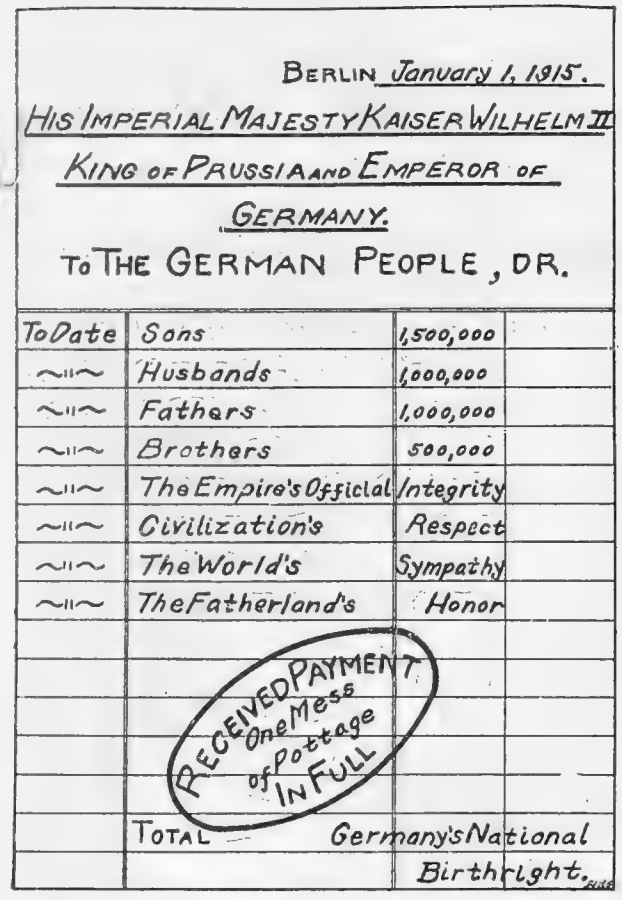
There is to be no third volume. Instead there is an explanatory letter at the end of the second. *Sinister Street* was never planned as a trilogy. (But perhaps that is a good thing. Occasionally trilogies take some years to complete.) As it stands it is a wonderfully fine piece of work, which will bear several readings, and you cannot say that of many modern novels. On the other hand, Michael on the last page is no more than twenty-four, and if Mr. Mackenzie should change his mind, we should very easily forget his statement that the book is already complete.

"The Yellow Ticket"

Mr. Frank Harris has been called by a high authority a master of the short story. The collection of his tales issued under the title of *The Yellow Ticket* (Grant Richards: 6*s.*) confines itself religiously to the "fleshly" side of things. Some of these tales are unpleasant, and generally speaking, the more unpleasant they are, the more powerful is their technique. Mr. Harris knows just where to look for the drama in life. You may deplore his harping upon the seamy side, but, then, the seamy side is so often dramatic and its reverse so often intolerably dull. None of these tales is dull. Only in one—"A Miracle and No Wonder"—does the author approach the commonplace. If only Mr. Harris were writing in French!

In Four Dimensions

Mr. Gerald Grogan's first novel, *A Drop in Infinity* (Lane: 6*s.*), contains an ingenious, if not altogether original, idea. A scientific and half-crazy old gentleman called the Hubble-Bubble has succeeded in discovering a world which exists only in what we are accustomed to call the Fourth Dimension. In the praiseworthy desire to populate this new world, he kidnaps a few human beings. So far so good. But a single idea is not sufficient for a novel, and the adventures of the Hubble-Bubble's victims in the new world read rather like the *Swiss Family Robinson.* Which is a pity, because one imagines that Mr. Grogan could write a first-class yarn if he liked. R. S.



A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT FOR THE GERMAN PEOPLE

To Remind the Invader

OF CONDITIONS HE WOULD ENCOUNTER IF HE SET FOOT IN ENGLAND

THE FLOODS AT SALISBURY

Army Transport work under difficulties

SUBMERGED MAIDENHEAD

The main street of the river-girl's mecca as it appeared last week

ANOTHER PART OF MAIDENHEAD

Where Father Thames imposes a most effectual speed limit on motorists

Lest the Germans are under the delusion that only Russia has the services of General Janvier, last week reminded them that he is also a good ally of England. All over the country there were floods, and the way of the invader would be as dem'd damp, moist and unpleasant here as it has been in Flanders, France and Poland. Our photographs give an idea of the conditions at Salisbury and Maidenhead

Our First Chilian Peeress

Photograph THE COUNTESS OF LISBURNE *[Sarony*

Formerly Mlle. Regina Bittencourt, eldest daughter of the Chilian Minister. She is the first Chilian lady to become an English peeress. The Earl, a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards, is serving with his regiment at the front

A LADY ARTIST IN FRANCE

PARIS SERIOUS BUT STILL QUITE FASCINATING

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

I HAVE made several journeys to Paris, but what a difference this last time! The interest was kept up right from the moment we left Victoria until after a week's interval we arrived there on our return. The whole journey was full of incident, and left new and curious impressions. To be travelling to France with officers and non-coms returning after several days' leave from the trenches was odd enough, but to see the old familiar quays at Boulogne thronged with British Tommies and *piou-pious* fraternising as if they had known each other all their lives, was, indeed, a memorable sight.

SCENE ON THE QUAYS AT BOULOGNE WHEN THE FOLKESTONE BOAT ARRIVED

Boulogne, being a British military base, was crowded with transport waggons, motor-ambulances, and the London motor omnibus was much in evidence, disguised in a coat of grey paint and several coatings of mud, with and without windows, and usually labelled "To Berlin!" The quays were bristling with fixed bayonets, all the *douaniers* were armed, and every passenger was subjected to strict examination before being allowed to enter the train.

LE CHIC ANGLAIS

Our first real glimpse of anything of the horrors of war was at a little wayside station on the junction of the line to Arras. Here was drawn up a trainload of wounded straight out of the trenches. The poor fellows were being taken out, prior to their removal to a hospital. They were chiefly Turcos, Zouaves, and Spahis. Most of them were very badly wounded, dirty and unshaven. Their clothes were blood-stained and thickly covered in mud. They were all so brave, bearing their sufferings so patiently; one, a marine infantryman, with a terribly injured foot, was hopping along quite cheerfully to a stretcher; another, a Turco, with his head swathed in bandages and both arms in slings, was calmly smoking a cigarette given him by some sympathetic Belgians on the station. It was a terrible sight, and it was with almost a feeling of relief that we left.

At intervals all the way to within thirty or forty miles of Paris we saw traces of the German advance and retreat, sometimes a line of trenches or a burnt-down farmhouse, and many houses more or less damaged.

We arrived at Paris at 9.30. What a different Paris! It seemed incredible. Deserted and dimly lighted streets, every shop and café closed, hardly a soul abroad beyond policemen, and there were many of these. It was extraordinary that at this hour, when in peace time all the boulevards would be thronged, now all was silent; it was like a dead city.

In the daytime, however, Paris assumes a very different aspect; in fact, the Parisians, like the Londoners, are endeavouring to carry on "business as usual," though, of course, it is not possible to do this to the same extent as in London. Paris naturally feels the effect of the war much more acutely than London. Many of the people who left at the time of the German advance have not returned, so there are many houses and shops still closed. Everywhere one sees mourning and, saddest of all, so many young widows.

I visited several hospitals in Paris, but I think the one that interested me most was over the Magasin du Louvre. Here there was quite a number of Turcos, as well as French soldiers. Everywhere one hears wonderful tales of the courage and pluck of the Turcos, and even in the hospitals they keep up their reputation. Here there was one, a great stalwart fellow, who had been so badly wounded that it was necessary for him to undergo three operations, and the doctor informed u that he refused to have an anæsthetic on either occasion. He seemed quite immune from pain, and was limping about the ward cheering up the others and saying he was longing to have another go at the Bosches!

FRENCH TERRITORIAL GUARDING THE RAILWAY

We had a very interesting adventure one day while we were at a little

village outside Paris. After seeing the place we thought we would walk to the next village, where there is a very fine *château*. Unfortunately, there also happens to be a rather important fort there on the outer line of fortifications of Paris—the place was thick with sentries, gendarmes, and other

THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS
A common scene in a French town

officials—and while we were gazing interestedly on the ruins of a house that had been blown up as it stood in the way of the fort, two men, resembling Latin Quarter artists, appeared from nowhere and demanded to see our papers. Father and I instantly produced our British passports, but this was not sufficient; we had no *laisser-passers* and were outside Paris! We were politely, but quite firmly, requested to accompany the two artistic-looking gentlemen (whom we later discovered to be very cute detectives on the trail of German spies) to the gendarmerie at Ecouen. From there, after a tedious wait, we were taken before the district État-Major at St. Brice.

To get there we had to tramp a good four miles in pouring rain along a road which had been well churned up by heavy transport waggons, escorted by our two detectives, who, I believe, had begun to realise that we were really only a couple of inoffensive and foolish sightseers. To add to the delights of our country walk, all the way military autos were racing past us, so that when at last in the evening we did arrive at the *château* at St. Brice we were wet and cold and literally covered in mud. The Major, however, was very kind and polite, and after finding that what papers we had were all in order, he explained that it was unwise to be in the neighbourhood of Ecouen without *laisser-passers*, and with a smart military salute he dismissed us.

What a relief! We dragged off our two detectives, and drank death to all spies in vermouth! But that wasn't the end of our troubles. We were now miles away from the station from which we should have returned to Paris, and there was no train from St. Brice for three and half hours, so once more we adjourned to the café, practically the only one in the village, which was now filled to overflowing with marine infantrymen. They were all feeling very merry, as they were off to the front in a few days' time. So there our adventure ended. It was quite the first time I had ever been "run in," and I hope it will be the last.

Everywhere the English soldiers are in great favour. In the smart shops are displayed pictures of neat-looking English officers, entitled "*Le Chic Anglais*." There are not many English troops in Paris just now, but occasionally one sees a few convalescents strolling along the Rue de Rivoli, where little children crowd round them and the people ask to shake hands with *les braves Anglais!*

It is very amusing to see the Tommies in the cafés endeavouring to make themselves understood. At one café, frequented chiefly by *piou-pious*, our soldiers, consisting of the military picket, had their own particular table. Their knowledge of French was not great, but sufficient for the occasion—one of them called out "*ma chérie*," and immediately a trim little French maid appeared with a large bottle of beer. They all cracked jokes, neither understanding what the other said, but full of good humour. Then a *piou-piou* rose and drank to "*L'armée Anglaise*," and a Tommy toasted the French Army and "good old Joffre."

We were very sorry to have to leave Paris, for this wonderful city was just as fascinating under its new aspect as in the piping times of peace, and one is much impressed by the extraordinary versatility of the Parisians, who, in the days before the war, which seem so long ago, entered into every pleasure with such lightheartedness, but now take life so seriously. The realities of the war are always with them. One continually sees wounded soldiers in the streets, or conscripts of the 1915 class going to their depôts, or even women tram-conductors or ticket-collectors—sights which bring the war home to the Parisians in a way which does not affect the Londoners, but, then, London does not know what it is to be threatened with a siege, and Paris is only just recovering from the awful proximity of the Hun.

HELEN MCKIE

OUR CORRESPONDENT UNDER ARREST

Chinese Beauty Westernised

Photograph *Swaine*

A recent portrait of the Misses Amy and May Len Yuk Lin, daughters of the Chinese ex-Minister who left last week for Peking, where he will take up an important Government appointment. They have both been educated in this country and have been very popular in Society

Behind the Front in Poland

BY THE BYSTANDER IN WARSAW

DURING the past week the booming has grown louder. Nothing appears in the Warsaw Press to tell the reason why; but four-day-old Petrograd papers say that our Army is retiring to the Rawa river. This gives an improved west-facing battle front. The trouble at Lodz was that the front faced north-west, parallel to lines of communication. The retreat depresses only fools who expected too much. In the two squadrons of cavalry which I yesterday saw entraining at the Vienna Railway Station all the men sang. M. Gutchkoff (ex-Duma President), the last man to leave Lodz, says that the trench men are in brave mood. "And the loss of Lodz?" I asked. "Lodz was always a German town," said M. Gutchkoff's assistant.

The basest thing in German shells is their baseness to Germans. At Lodz, adds M. Gutchkoff's assistant, a German shell sped through the German club, and killed the German porter, the only one of Wilhelm II.'s subjects (except privileged Prusso-Poles) left. Here the last Zeppelin bomb upset a German's electro-technical store. The next Zeppelin cast illustrated pamphlets showing the Kaiser presumptuously (put mildly) next to the virgin. M. Werbinin, who collects War Literature, showed me other brochures which have fallen from heaven. One says that "Poland, emancipated by Germania's sword, will be the greatest Slav State."

Warsaw got a dull sort of fear when the retreat from the Miazza brought battle near. No one believes that Hindenburg can take the town. Not even if Grand Duke Nicholas again retires to the Vistula. The trump is that the right Vistula bank, below this city, is in our hands; that in January ice it can be easily crossed, thus threatening the German left flank. Before Warsaw is attacked, the big Novo-georgievsk fortress must be taken. It, too, threatens the flank. At present the river is frozen—somewhat carelessly. I saw a man crossing the ice to Praga; and tumbling in.

Prushkow, the high-water mark of Germany's October advance, attracts me, and other war-trippers. I was there twelve days back; and now again. Along the River Utrata (which means in Russ "The Loss") are German artillery positions; and wonderful from there are the inaccessible battle's flame and roar. To the fighting line is forty versts. Prushkow and Komarow shelter refugees from Lodz, Skierniewice, Lowitch. The refugees came along the main Warsaw road; and for fear they could not enter the city at night, spread into the cockroach-infested villages.

A BRIDGE AT SKIERNIEWICE

Destroyed, for strategical reasons, by the Russians. After the Germans had evacuated the town, the temporary bridge shown in the picture was constructed

The conflagration and fiery desolating of Poland, as seen from Prushkow, make a handsome sight. Along an arc which by mental triangulation I guess must stretch from Tcherwinsk on the Vistula to the blood-fed Rawa stream—a sixth of the horizon—I saw a continuous yellow-red flame. In the middle the flame rose a third way up to the zenith. In the right outlined on flame were the black gables and broken church-tower of Blone. Further, barely above the horizon are jagged outlines of villages; and rows of brick chimneys which have survived burnt-out log cabins.

I talked to the refugee M. Zakowyniec. In West Poland he is a (rouble) millionaire, and now he huddled in the Komarow shoemaker's loft, and froze. He saw the German Ninth Army, under command of the Crown Prince's friend, August von Mackensen, entering Wlowlawsk; and hardly had he reached Kutno, fifty miles south-west, when Mackensen was after him. Rumour says that Warsaw's Governor-General, Baron v. Korff, whom the enemy captured at Kutno, was led into the trap by a Prussophile Pole. "At Kutno the German Town Commandant's first act was to ask for salted herring," says M. Zakowyniec. "He ate the herring; and was killed next day by a shell."

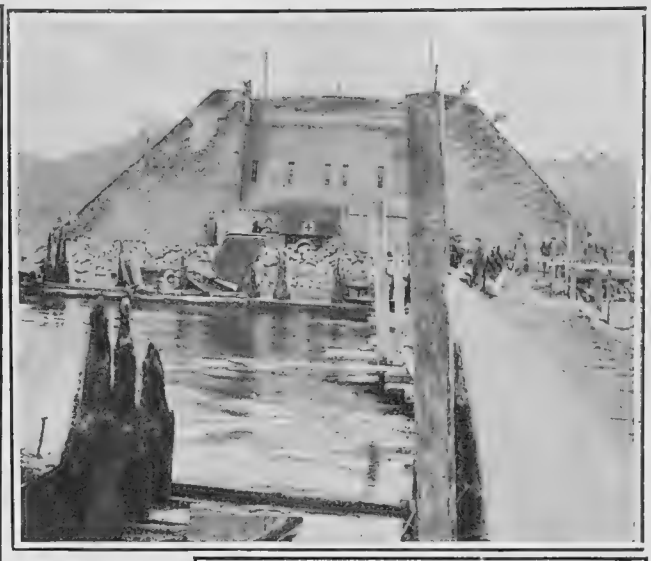
In war (as in love) one never knows one's luck. I have been east, north, and south-west of Prushkow, and never got stopped. To-day, when I tried to cross the railway near the station, which is east of the town, a sentry shouted, and pushed out his rifle. I tried to get south on the road to Komarow, and was stopped by another sentry. These sentries do not reason, but shout rudely "*Ne podkhodi!*" "Don't approach." A motoring Russian ignored this "*ne podkhodi!*" and got a bullet—flattened—in his steering axle.

I escaped to Warsaw, *viâ* Raschin, on the main south road. The daughter of Andrew Sapiejewski, local flour king, ran away to fight. She was brought back dead. The house where she lay, dressed as a warrior, caught fire; and she fell dead from fright. Such is Amazonian clay.

On the Polish Warpath

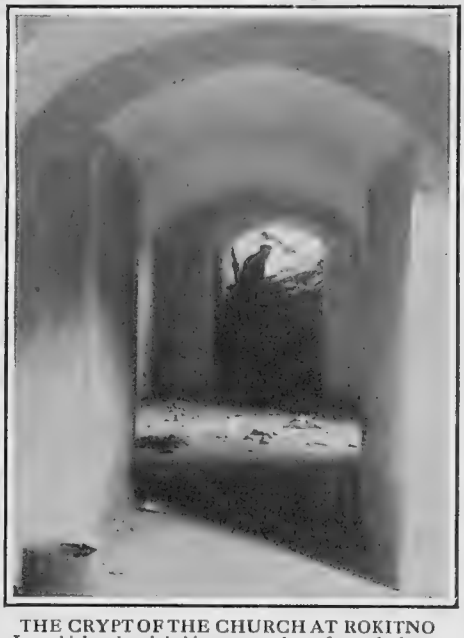
NEW PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE EASTERN THEATRE

PRINCE RADZIWILL
Inspecting evacuated German trenches after a battle near Warsaw



A DESTROYED BRIDGE AT SOCHACZEW REPLACED BY PONTOONS

RAILWAY BRIDGE AT SKIERNIEWICE DEMOLISHED BY THE GERMANS



THE CRYPT OF THE CHURCH AT ROKITNO
In which the inhabitants took refuge during a recent German attack

CHALIAPIN, THE FAMOUS OPERATIC TENOR (on the extreme right)
Joins in an inspection of evacuated German trenches near Warsaw

The taking of Warsaw in the Eastern Theatre of War is said to be regarded by the German War-Lord as a matter of even more vital importance than the taking of Calais in the Western. The first attempt failed, and the second, if it has not actually failed, has been arrested; but the danger is not past yet, though nobody in Warsaw believes that the city can be taken. Meantime, the country round is becoming more and more, as the days go by, a scene of utter desolation

A Belgian Play and a Matinée Pantomime

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"LA DEMOISELLE DE MAGASIN"
At the Criterion Theatre

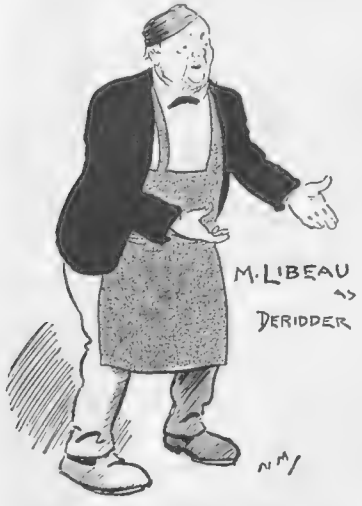
THE Belgian players at the Criterion Theatre offer us a valiant example of the great and necessary work of Carrying-on. Of all the countries now engaged in the present unseemly scuffle, Belgium has felt most heavily the red, rough hand of War, and yet she is still able to contribute her mite to the little that is left of the gaiety of the nations. On the evening of my visit there were plenty of Belgians in the theatre (the Walloon accent has a music of its own), but one would scarcely have guessed from their joyous laughter that they were stricken exiles from a homeland polluted by the contaminating breath of Prussian Culture. After all, as a poet has casually observed, the rose of summer will be red in spite of winter's snow. Besides, we cannot go on shedding tears all the time, and hope was ever a better diet than despair.

This play gives that most excellent comedian, M. Libeau, an opportunity for another of his convincing studies of the *bon bourgeois*. Deridder is a furniture-dealer on a small scale, though he is always careful to insist that his modest establishment is a *magasin*, and not a mere *boutique*. He has a son, André, who, as is not unusual in such cases, considers himself far above the sordid ways of the furniture trade, and who is studying (at his father's expense) for the Law.

THE SHOP GIRL WHO BECOMES DERIDDER'S MOST VALUABLE ASSET

I have been told that in both callings the customer needs to be a very wary person. Deridder needs help in the shop in order to modernise his business, but his son is the victim of exalted notions, and his daughter is addicted to the lamentable vice of perpetual piano-practice. Sometimes, when I am in a frivolous mood, I think that pianos were invented only for the purpose of giving someone else the job of turning over the music.

Then Claire Frenois (Mme. Jane Delmar) appears on the scene. As she naïvely expresses it, she is still, unhappily, single. She is, consequently, obliged to try and wrest an honest living from the cold hard world with her own fair hands. She asks Deridder to engage her as his assistant, though her qualifications for the job would appear to be limited to a total and encyclopædic ignorance of the furniture trade generally. Still, she has confidence in herself, like the man who had an idea that he could play the harp because he had once seen somebody doing it. Claire is engaged on trial; and she has scarcely come to anchor in the shop, as it were, before a likely customer arrives. He inquires as to the cost of a suite of very gilt-edged furniture that attracts him, and Claire, who is evidently a lady accustomed to deal with houses where the prices of all goods are marked in plain figures, consults a label, and then says that the figure will be one thousand francs. It is not until the bargain has been completed that she discovers that 1,000 is merely the catalogue number of the goods in question, the cash price being no more than 750 francs. Still, it is better to be born lucky than wise.



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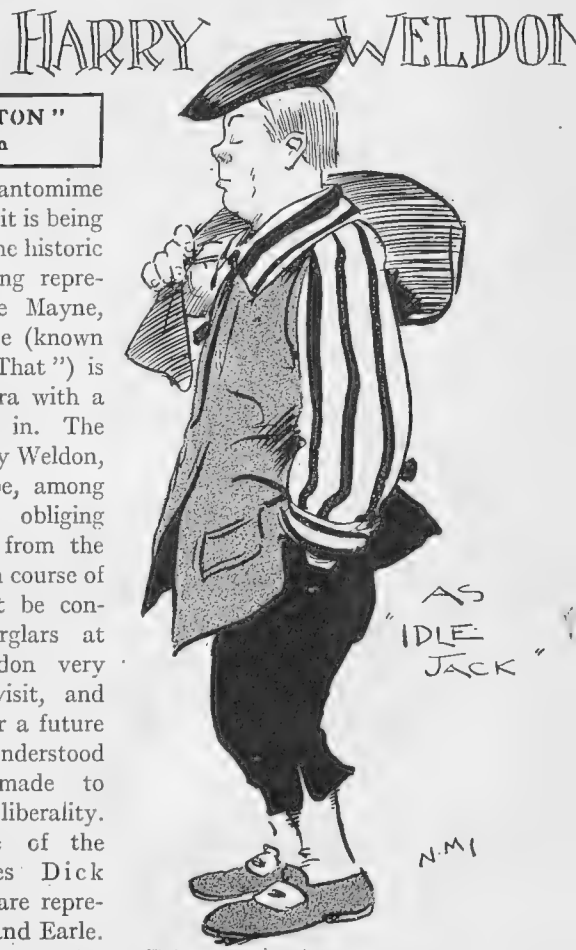
André Deridder, returning from his not very exacting law studies, finds the new shop-girl a distinct asset. So much so that he believes that, after all, he will abandon the pursuit of the Law and settle down to the furniture business for a permanency. Then there is Deridder's landlord, M. Amelin, who is patronising the establishment because he is furnishing a little villa by way of a domestic extra. He refers to it euphemistically as "*une folie*," though that, of course, is not the lady's name. He, too, falls in love with Claire, doubtless, for all I know to the contrary, with the best of intentions. Hang it all! it is not for me to impute motive. As it happens, however, Claire has no time to waste on mere love affairs. She is too busy increasing the attractions of the shop, such as, for instance, putting a vase of flowers in the window as a powerful inducement to possible customers to come inside and spend a thousand or two. I have no experience of the primrose paths of successful commerce, but I gather there are people who will pass by a fine piece of antique furniture without the least desire to possess it for itself alone, but who will consider it quite irresistible if it has a piece of pink ribbon hung round its neck, so to speak. They will then rush to buy it, even if they have to borrow the cash to enable them to clinch the deal. As the result of a modern spirit of enterprise of this kind, Claire turns the old furniture shop into a thriving business proposition, and old Deridder, instead of creeping about his mildewed premises in an old green-baize apron, swaggers round in the Raglan and field-glasses of the race-goer who has made a habit of the business. The love interest of the play is, perhaps, a little hackneyed, but the lighter incidents are fresh and exhilarating, and the enterprise is one that should be supported on more grounds than one.

THE PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE PALLADIUM

"DICK WHITTINGTON"
At the Palladium

This is an excellent pantomime for the children, and it is being given at matinées only. The historic Dick has a very charming representative in Miss Clarice Mayne, while Mr. James W. Tate (known to variety patrons as "That") is the leader of the orchestra with a lively little song thrown in. The chief humorist is Mr. Harry Weldon, who proves himself to be, among other things, a most obliging burglar. Understanding from the owner of a "crib" he is in course of cracking that it will not be convenient to receive burglars at the moment, Mr. Weldon very courteously defers his visit, and makes an appointment for a future occasion, when it is understood that efforts will be made to receive him with a proper liberality. The Captain and Mate of the good ship that carries Dick Whittington to fortune are represented by Messrs. Hall and Earle. The seafaring note is not, however, insisted on, the deck of the ship being provided merely as the playground for these two very accomplished acrobats. Mr. Hall is one of the most expert jumpers I have seen. One of his feats is that of jumping in and out of a row of about a dozen full-sized barrels ranged upon the stage, and as every exponent of the standing jump knows, this is not an easy thing to do. There was a time, before eld and avoirdupois came upon me, when I fancied myself as a jumper of parts, but I was never able to reach the giddy height of the barrel trick. Another excellent performer is Mr. Fred Whittaker as the Cat, a most intelligent animal with a clear sense of humour which, as everyone knows, is denied to the common cat of commerce. The scene of the traditional fight with the rats is very well managed, the old-fashioned trap-door being extensively used to bring the invading rodents with dramatic suddenness on to the scene of action. The pantomime is lavishly mounted, and some of the gorgeous costumes must be seen to be believed.

JINGLE



THE HUMORIST OF THE PALLADIUM PANTOMIME

THE
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TO BE SOLD, or might be LET, Unfurnished, this genuine old RESIDENCE (greater part 300 years old), situated 350ft. above sea level, amidst beautiful scenery, overlooking a green: oak-panelled hall, oak-panelled dining room, drawing room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light, motor-house; stabling for 3, carriage drive, cottage; nicely laid-out grounds, including tennis lawn, pond, well stocked kitchen garden and pasture-land, in all about 31 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,647)

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1¼ hours from Town.

FOR SALE, this CREEPER-CLAD RESIDENCE, 350ft. above sea level, approached by long avenue drive, and commanding lovely views: 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 4; 2 cottages; charming gardens and grounds, plantations and pastureland, in all about 45 acres.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,469)

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Occupying a delightful position on sandy soil with a private gate opening to the heath: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; Company's water and acetylene gas; very beautiful gardens, stone-flagged walks, paved garden with fountain, pergola covered with vine, wisteria, jessamine and honeysuckle, sunk rose garden, bounded by fine yew hedges, tennis courts, rose garden, and copse containing many beautiful silver birch trees, primroses and daffodils in great abundance, in all about 3 ACRES.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (7,672)

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A PERFECT SMALL SIXTEENTH CENTURY HOUSE, containing beautiful old oak panelling and beams: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 or more bedrooms, bathroom; electric light; garage, stabling for 3; farmery; cottage; delightful old gardens and grassland of about 31 acres. For SALE, or might be LET, Unfurnished.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

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TO LET FURNISHED
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GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.—A newly appointed RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, facing West close to the Park, and containing: 7 or 8 bedrooms, bathroom, square lounge hall, and 4 exceptionally fine reception rooms; remarkably good domestic offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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DELIGHTFUL POSITION OVERLOOKING PARK.

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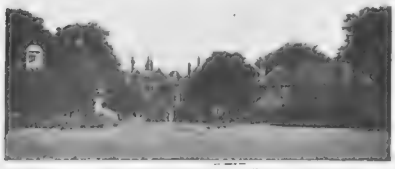

FINE OLD SIXTEENTH CENTURY RESIDENCE, 500ft. above sea level, and standing in about 400 acres of parkland, to be LET, Furnished: 14 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and 4 beautifully panelled reception rooms; electric light, radiators, and excellent offices; stabling and garage. Well-preserved pheasant and partridge shoot. Extremely low rent.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 9,322)

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EXCEPTIONALLY PRETTY WELL-LAID-OUT GROUNDS OF 1¾ ACRES.

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SURREY'S FINEST POSITION.—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above beautifully-placed Residence over 700ft. above the sea level. COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS and standing in

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Lounge hall; 3 reception rooms; billiard room. 2 bathrooms. STABLING, MOTOR GARAGE; Gas; Company's water.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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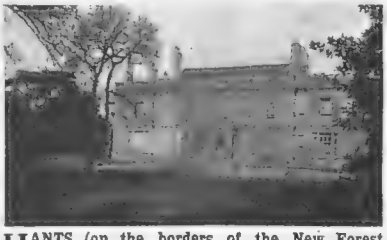

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PRICE ONLY £900, FREEHOLD.

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Signature.....

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FOR SCHOOL DAYS

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Illustrated with Many Photographs and Specially Drawn Maps.

Further issues will be published from time to time throughout the war.

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"I write these few lines to tell you how much I admire your husband's despatch."

Daily Express. November 18th, 1914.

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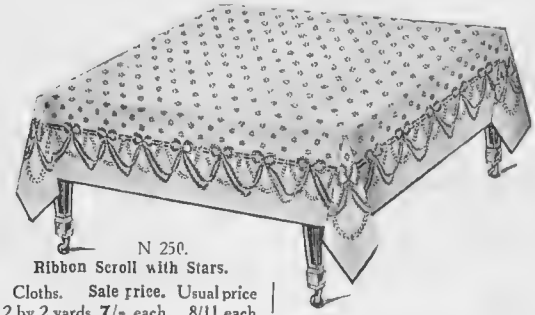

N 250.
Ribbon Scroll with Stars.

Cloths.	Sale price.	Usual price
2 by 2 yards	7/- each	8/11 each
2 „ 2½ „	8/9 „	11/6 „
2 „ 3 „	10/6 „	13/3 „

Napkins,	Sale price.	Usual price
Dinner Size	11/6 doz.	14/6 doz.

P 341.
Scroll and Straight Stripes.

Cloths.	Sale price.	Usual price
2 by 2 yards	11/9 each	14/9 each
2 „ 2½ „	14/9 „	18/6 „
2 „ 3 „	18/- „	22/6 „

Cloths.	Sale price.	Usual price
2½ by 2½ yds.	19/3 each	24/3 each
2½ „ 3 „	23/6 „	29/- „
Dinner N'kins,	19/3 doz.	24/6 doz.

S 327.
Chrysanthemum.

Cloths.	Sale price.	Usual price
2 by 2 yards	14/3 each	17/9 each
2 „ 2½ „	18/- „	22/6 „
2 „ 3 „	21/6 „	27/- „

Cloths.	Sale price.	Usual price
2½ by 2½ yds.	23/6 each	29/6 each
2½ „ 3 „	28/- „	35/3 „
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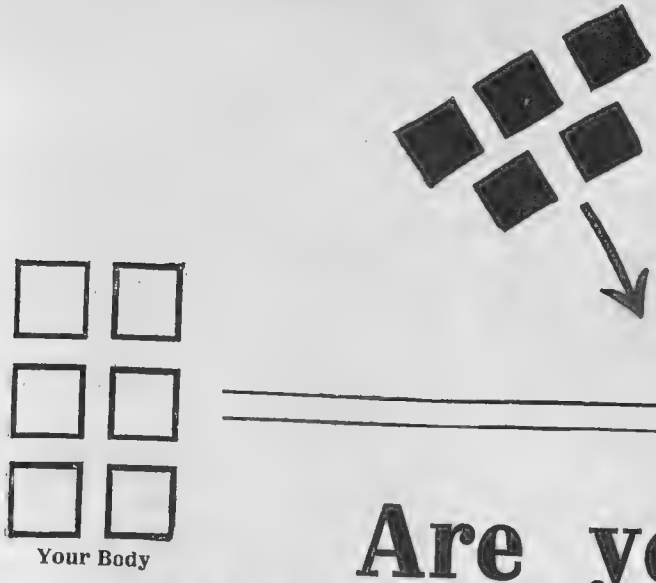

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UNLESS your body is properly nourished by the food it receives it will suffer disaster, as surely as an army suffers when cut off from its base of supplies.

Illnesses of all kinds watch their chance, and if you are "run down" they strike, and strike home. Germs of colds, chills, and influenza wage war with the "utmost violence," and your only safety lies in possessing the strength to repel them.

Build up the defences of your body with Bovril—the unique food which has been proved to possess body-building powers of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

Build up the defensive forces of your body

Bovril is an essential "munition of war" for those at home. In addition to its own fortifying powers (it takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril), Bovril has the unique property of making the other foods you eat nourishing. It has been well said that "Bovril" makes just the difference between your *being* nourished and your *not* being nourished by your food.

It must be BOVRIL

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

S.H.B.

O.H.M.S.—A FEW OF THE 3—4-TON NAPIER LORRIES

Which, called upon to face the worst possible road conditions in the war zone, and often carrying double their fair load (says Driver Worsley, A.S.C., writing from the front), are rendering such a fine account of themselves

The "Essence" of Motoring

A MATTER OF HOME-MADE FUEL. BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Alcoholic German

BACK in July last, the Alcohol Fuel Committee brought into existence by the Imperial Motor Transport Council, issued a public appeal for funds to carry on its work. Then, if it knew no more than the Diplomatic Service, it had no idea that war would be on us so soon; and even if it had known, it would have possessed Godlike prescience if, even remotely, it had anticipated the possible importance of its labours. That importance begins to emerge now that we know the German military transport, its petrol supply from Galicia and Rumania and America mainly or wholly cut off, is using alcohol fuel, and benzol, or, at times, a mixture of both; and using them, apparently, with considerable success.

***

Home-Made Spirit

We, of course, are using benzol to some extent. Perhaps, in comparatively infinitesimal quantities, we are using alcohol. But the overwhelming importance of manufacturing a home-made fuel in such quantities that it may offer an effective alternative to petrol mainly of foreign origin, needs no argument to emphasise it now that we are in an atmosphere of belligerency. The British Fleet is a guarantee to us of the maintenance of supplies of this contraband of war, just as it is the only guarantee that German supplies, still necessary for aerial engines, shall be cut off. But why regard such a comparatively hazardous sort of supply as inevitable when home-made fuel is so well within the range of practicability, and when, in addition to securing to ourselves a spirit vital to our means of transport by land, sea, and sky, to our industry, and to our national efficiency, we build up a new industry of incalculable value in the national economy?

***

Voices in the Wilderness

It is very true that, owing to our dependence upon petrol, engines have not so far been specifically constructed to burn benzol or alcohol, although it has clearly been demonstrated that, without any carburettor adaptation, both products will serve excellently well in engines designed to consume petrol. It is also very true that, with characteristic British conservatism, we have been content to pull through with the fuel we had rather than worry overmuch about the production of another, taking no thought of the morrow, in strict accordance with Biblical injunction. It was left to the few enthusiasts, as usual (as inevitably usual, of course) to hammer away at the idea and present it in all the bearings which seemed so small in July, but which begin to appear so large in this new year of grace. And all the time Germany was, as we know now, going ahead with the development of its own industry, and had so far advanced that it is now in a position to solve a very pressing problem of great military urgency.

***

A National Affair

Now perhaps we, too, shall move, but it must not be left to a little committee of private investigators, however earnestly they work. This is a national affair, and the nation must take a hand seriously and with a full appreciation of the vast issues involved. We shall require all the industries we can keep moving in order to absorb the labour released by the cessation of hostilities, and a large new one such as this of the manufacture of motor spirit will be in the nature of a heaven-sent boon and blessing. Let us, then, be up and doing; or, which ought to be the same thing, but isn't, let the Government be up and doing.

***

Good News

Palmer Cord Tyres are reduced in price. This is one direct result of the necessity for laying down additional cord-making machines to cope with the work of the War Office. Which is further evidence how the war, in many unsuspected ways, is working for somebody's good. But whatever the cause, the fact that the tyre which has mileages up to 13,000 and 14,000 to its credit can now be had for less than before, is goodly news which I am glad enough to pass on.

TO FORD OWNERS.—The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

EN ROUTE

A peacefully pretty setting for a fleet of Dennis lorries on the way to "another place" neither pretty nor peaceful. Dennis subvention model lorries are naturally a large feature of the Mechanical Transport Department

DUNLOP

TYRES

ARE MADE IN ENGLAND

THIS statement alone proves nothing.

HAD Dunlops been inferior to foreign tyres, any appeal to patriotism would involve sacrifice.

IF Dunlops were merely on an equality with others, their British origin might suffice to turn the wavering balance in their favour.

BUT, inasmuch as the experienced user bases his preference for Dunlop tyres on his knowledge that they are supreme in every essential feature—in length of life, in ease of running, and in immunity from wayside failures—the pleasure of supporting a home industry forms a happy addition to the wisdom of his choice, and he is doubly satisfied, as an expert and as a patriot, and remains glad of the fact that Dunlop tyres

ARE MADE IN ENGLAND

TRADE MARK

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Café au Lait
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Just the finest fresh roasted coffee, purest dairy milk and refined sugar combined in the exact proportions to produce, with the addition of hot water only, the uniquely delicious Milkmaid Café au Lait as served on the Continent. Order a tin to-day but be sure it is "Milkmaid Brand" Café au Lait.

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An ultra-refined Preparation for the Hair.

If your Hair is Lacking in Lustre, Losing its Colour, Growing Grey, Becoming Brittle, Feeble & Falling,

use **MAYZONE DE LUXE** the natural Hair Tonic. It will speedily arrest these signs of failing hair-health.

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Motor Excursions to Alpine sites and numerous picturesque resorts along the French and Italian Riviera.

Up-to-Date Models at the Sales

BY MRS. JACK MAY

APPARENTLY the attitude here towards sales is very different from that of Paris. We are taking our sales quite seriously, and very rightly so, seeing what a saving they can effect on exchequers strained to breaking-point with Income and other piled-up taxes. No one has the face, however, at home to complain over the disbursing of money towards war expenses; it is the very least we can do towards helping those who are bearing the brunt.

An Unprecedented Offer in a Tailor-made Shirt

Prominent among those who have come gallantly to the rescue of depleted incomes is Walpole, 89-90, New Bond Street. As is customary, this house is holding a January clearance sale of surplus stock, but the tailor-made shirt in question is a small extra attention that cannot fail to find the heartiest appreciation. It is built of good quality Shanghai silk, and is only 13*s.* 9*d.* in white and 14*s.* 6*d.* in a delicate pink shade. A better idea may, perhaps, be gathered of what Walpole is offering in this shirt when it is explained that under ordinary circumstances the price is 25*s.* 9*d.* Of the style the accompanying picture gives a faithful idea; the five buttons, it may be further mentioned, being of crochet quality, may be washed with impunity.

Equally notable in value is a charming blouse in ivory or pink *crêpe de Chine*, completed with a black silk corded ribbon cravat fastened with a cameo. This, lined through with net, carries a sale price of only 25*s.* 9*d.*, and, like its *confrère*, emanates from Walpole's own workrooms. The firm, by the way, are pleased to send blouses on approval, a concession, however, that is not possible in the case of a limited number of beautiful model teagowns that have been very substantially reduced and exact a personal visit. On the other hand, there are cosy rest-gowns, not so rigidly limited in number. As, for example, a simple, practical little model in satin cloth, trimmed with a dark fur, lined throughout with nun's veiling, reduced to 29*s.* 6*d.* And in this section, also, there is the exquisite *lingerie* for which the name of Walpole stands second to none.

Simultaneously with the clearing of wearing apparel, the firm provide an opportunity always eagerly anticipated by fastidious housewives in the way of household linen and napery. Fine hand-woven table damasks manufactured at the famed Waringstown factory include many beautiful and exclusive designs in tablecloths and dinner napkins, the prices in every case being appreciably lowered. Striped cloths continue in vogue, and are offered in a diversity of fancies, both plain and ornamental. Round cloths likewise figure conspicuously in the *galère*, a design of shamrock and ribbon, and basket and fruit festoon, forming two striking examples of artistic taste. Of a particular *chic*, also, is a plain round damask cloth, ringed with two satin lines, one in the centre and the second at the edge. Exceptional bargains are to be found again in real Irish hand-embroidered linen top sheets and pillow-cases. The prices asked for these, compared to ordinary times, supply a very real temptation. To gain an idea of the bargains at New Bond Street, those who are unable to manage a personal visit should write to that address for Walpole's catalogue.

A WALPOLE BARGAIN

Tailor-made shirt of Shanghai silk which is being offered at nearly half its ordinary cost by Messrs. Walpole Brothers, Ltd., at their Sale at 89-90, New Bond Street

Parisian Persuasions

Slowly, but nevertheless steadily, wending their way over here, once again, are the covetable French models. As a matter of fact, the chances of their sale over here are considerably greater than over there. This has been fully realised by that enterprising house, the London Corset Company, 11, Hanover Street, who, in addition to the home surplus stocks they are desirous of clearing out, have acquired an exciting consignment of Parisian blouses and corsets which they are willing to dispose of at 15 per cent. reduction all round. Now here, in truth, is an opportunity, and one not to be pondered over, as the supply in both instances is limited. The following are just a few instances: the latest corset models originally 42*s.* are to go for 36*s.*, a like reduction occurring in the case of a corset that is sale-marked at 21*s.* 9*d.*

Or take blouses. A beautifully built, white, heavy quality washing silk shirt, trimmed *glacé* and ornamented up the front with groups of round pearl buttons, ordinarily 47*s.* 9*d.*, is only 40*s.* during the sale, several exceedingly *chic* models well worth the initial 63*s.* dropping to 54*s.* Among these is a black radium model that expresses the very last word. This buttons visibly up the centre front to the throat, where it finishes with a narrow straight collar-band surmounted by two adorable *plissé* frills of ivory *ninon*. These fronts are furthermore set into the underarm seams with three pleats, which afford just a little give and freedom that is at once helpful and delightful to an otherwise somewhat severe model. And everything is

Feminine Moustaches—How to Permanently Remove.

To those interested, the above headline will no doubt be a reminder of many shillings — sometimes pounds — thrown away on various depilatories, all claiming to have the power of destroying the roots of superfluous hair. In the majority of cases, chemical depilatories leave behind them a stronger and more vigorous growth of hair, to say nothing of a skin coarsened or thickened by their continued use. To probe further into the subject, it would be as well to explain that chemical depilatories merely burn off the hair at the point of contact with the skin, and consequently the growth immediately becomes apparent because the hair never ceases growing while the root remains. The more one burns it off, the stronger it becomes. Now then, it is quite obvious that in order to check the growth, the *root* must be *removed* at once. This removal may be accomplished at home in a few moments in a very simple manner. Get about 12 grammes of phelactine from your chemist and melt it in the flame of a candle until quite soft, then apply to the offending hair, which, in a few moments, may be removed, with the *roots attached*. No possible injury can be done to the skin, as phelactine contains no chemicals whatever.

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Thermal Baths with

ANTURIC BATH SALTS

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Per Tin, 1s. 6d.

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Hair Wavers.

Superfluous Hairs.

(ELECTROLYSIS HOME TREATMENT.)

I want to place a copy of my book, ***"The Face Perfect,"*** *in the hands of every woman who is a sufferer from this dread scourge of superfluous hair. If you are anxious to rid yourself for ever of your disfigurement, this book will show you how it is possible. Write to-day. I give all letters addressed to me my personal and strictly confidential attention.*

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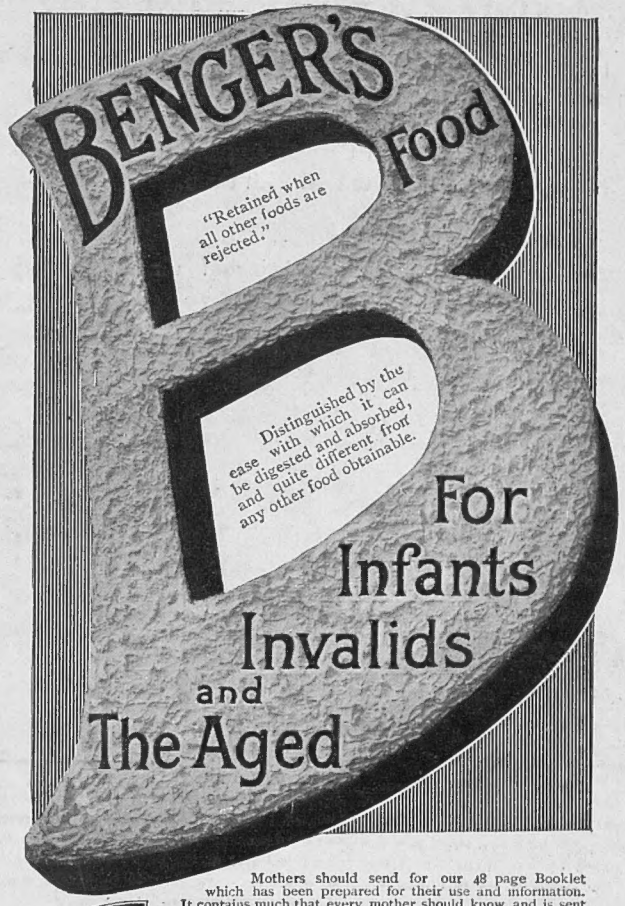
SEEGER'S SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.



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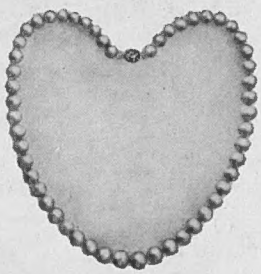
Sessel Pearls



are perfect reproductions. Made by a secret process which imparts the sheen, delicacy of tone, and durability of the finest Oriental Pearls. No pearl will stand more tests than ours, and we offer one hundred guineas to anyone who will show us a more perfect duplicate of the real pearl.

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Special attention paid to Post Orders.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls, with Plain Gold Clasp, in handsome fitted case .. .. .. **£4 4s.**
Real Diamond Clasp, with Sessel Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre .. from **£2 2s.**
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Old Jewels taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL, 14, New Bond St., London, W.
(directly opposite Asprey's).

MORTIMERS PLYMOUTH

FOR DYEING AND CLEANING

in like proportion, including just a few seductive little shirt blouses of striped *linon de fil*, possessions that will never date, that wash like the proverbial rag, and are only 25*s*. 6*d*. Akin with everything in these *salons*, these shirts are of irreproachable quality throughout, being hand-made and perfectly cut; moreover, should any alteration be required, to either corsets or blouses, the London Corset Company have French fitters on the premises to deal with them.

"Luvisca"

Concurrently with the coming into being of a new year there appears on the horizon an entirely new and supremely fascinating fabric brought out by the well-known firm of Cortauld, renowned for their *crêpe* and many other materials. The fresh arrival is "Luvisca," a fabric of British manufacture throughout and of singularly charming character. Its component parts are cotton and artificial silk, the latter in its latest and best approved form. In appearance it resembles pure spun silk, with, if anything, a slightly brighter surface, and the proprietors guarantee that it is not loaded or weighted in any way. "Luvisca," furthermore, has a remarkable capacity for resisting dirt, which renders it invaluable for blouses and soft shirts for men, while it is produced in a perfectly fascinating range of narrow and wide coloured stripes on a white ground. Before placing the fabric on the market it was subjected to the strictest tests. Therefore everything claimed on its behalf can be substantiated. It runs 37 and 38 inches wide, and can be had of all leading drapers who have taken it up with significant enthusiasm.

FIELD KITCHENS FOR THE FRONT

Messrs. Brown, Hughes and Strachan, Ltd., of High Street, Kensington, have recently constructed a number of motor field kitchens, some of which have been presented by private individuals to the St. John's Ambulance Association. Our illustration shows a practical test of the utility of these vehicles, at which some soldiers who happened to be returning from drill along Kensington High Street were invited to "assist"—to their entire satisfaction

The Queen's "Work for Women" Fund

The Hon. Treasurer and the Hon. Secretary of the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund (Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson and Lady Roxburgh), announce that their special Christmas-time appeal for shillings to provide women with work has produced the splendid total of one hundred and sixty-seven thousand, four hundred and forty-six shillings, equivalent to £8,372 6*s*.

The Menu: Some Winter Salads

A Game Salad

This can be made of the remains of turkey, chicken, or any kind of game. Wash thoroughly dry, and break the white part of a lettuce into pieces, cut up half a head of celery, and pile together in a bowl. Cut some cold game or turkey into small pieces and arrange round. Boil two eggs hard, cut into slices, and garnish the salad. Work the yolk of one raw or one hard-boiled egg very smooth, work in separately one saltspoonful of salt, one each of pepper, dry mustard, sugar, and one tablespoonful of plain or chilli vinegar. Add drop by drop two good tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and beat well. Chop half a tablespoonful of shallot, the same of parsley, and stir in. Beat half a gill of cream, and add gradually. Pour over the salad. It should be thick.

Beetroot and Celery Salad

Take the hearts from two heads of celery, cut them into small cubes, and place them in the centre of the salad-bowl. Cut into ornamental pieces some boiled beetroot, and place it round the celery. Mix in a basin the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, two dessertspoonfuls of olive oil, two dessertspoonfuls of cream, a teaspoonful of mustard, salt and pepper to taste, and one dessertspoonful of French vinegar. Stir thoroughly, and beat it up together and pour it over the celery and beetroot. By way of decoration, cut up very small a tablespoonful of the green tops of the celery, and sprinkle them over the salad.

Russian Fish Salad

Flake any cold cooked white fish, arrange it in a salad-bowl, decorate with strips of anchovy, sardine, and chopped egg, also some chopped gherkin and capers. Surround with a ring of cold boiled and sliced potato, and pour mayonnaise sauce over the centre. Garnish with chopped gherkin and capers.

Seakale Salad

Pour into a deep pie-dish some cream and a little tarragon vinegar; cut the seakale into pieces, and place them in the cream twelve hours before using; have some endive and lettuce prepared ready, and put in a bowl with the seakale and cream on the top. A little cut beetroot is a tasty addition. This makes a delicious salad.

A Haricot Bean Salad

Soak over night in water a teacupful of haricot beans (the large butter beans are the best). In the morning put them in a saucepan, cover with cold water, and cook slowly until the beans are done, which will be in about two hours. Drain and put in a salad-bowl. Dust over with chopped parsley; garnish with beetroot cut into dice, hard-boiled egg cut in slices, a little endive and chopped celery; pour a good salad-dressing over, and serve.

A Potato Salad

Cut some cooked potatoes in neat slices, also some boiled roots of celeriac and beetroot. In the middle of the salad-bowl make a heap of endive, two blanched celery stalks, frizzed, in short lengths. Surround with the sliced vegetables. Pour over the whole a good mayonnaise sauce.

EMILIA